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POSSIBLY the heat explains it. At any event, it is vacation season and the period of markdowns. Let us at least yawn charitably at the headlines of slush funds and the unseemly spending of money for the Presidential aspirants. Let us not hiss, nay, rather gently applaud, our familiar friend, that sinister yet diverting old villain, Glittering Gold, slowly looming upstage, with chorus. Ah, yes, there is German gold backing Harding, who being agin the League is therefore for Germany. British gold—according to Representative Britten—strong for the League, stacks up behind Cox. This sort of inductive reasoning is easy, and just right for hot weather. Italian gold, objecting to the Fiume settlement, is Republican; Jugoslav gold, Democratic. Japanese gold has not yet been heard from, but let us hope our astute campaigners will not overlook its possibilities, especially on the Coast. Needless to say, Soviet gold is backing the wicked Socialists. Sahara gold, of course, is behind the Prohibitionists. The Farmer-Labor Party? Obviously hyphenate gold in general! Indeed, only a free silver or a greenback party could escape this genial calumny, showing that the only really good party is a dead one. The only certainty emerging from all this is that our two major candidates must be the original Gold Dust Twins—with the twinship unmistakable.

CONGRATULATIONS to the gallant band of women who have at last carried the barbed wire entanglements of bigotry and reaction and nailed the banner of political sex equality to the American masthead! The suffrage train has been so long *en route*, slowed by so many needless and futile attempts to sidetrack or upset it, that we perhaps take its puffing arrival a bit for granted. Yet it brings a stirring and important victory, even though the great enfranchisement by itself may not mean much. For the vote to these twenty-five million newly made "people" is after all only a symbol of our striving, despite severe setbacks, for that truer and better democracy to which America lays claim. What really matters is how women will use the ballot. Will they carry on in the true spirit of Susan B. Anthony and Lucretia Mott? Or will they consent to and by passivity connive at the disfranchisement of their colored sisters in the South—the acid test of understanding their new part? Stop with the ballot they cannot, nor short of full equality, economic as well as political. No office in the land but shall be open, no distinction of sex but shall be abolished. And from their struggle women ought surely to bring into our world of handicaps and disqualifications a fuller and more sympathetic understanding to destroy privilege, to remove inequality, and to transform democracy from a mummified fetish into a living reality.

THE British lion has settled down upon his haunches, and there is a semblance of peace for the moment in the Allied menagerie. No clear indication has been given, however, that Mr. Lloyd George has abandoned his apparent intention of extending practical recognition to the Soviet Government and making some kind of trade agreement with Russia. The subsidized Paris press is, of course, praising M. Millerand for his "victory," but it remains to be seen whether the accord which is said to have been reached between Mr. Lloyd George and Premier Giolitti amounts to anything more than an agreement to insist that Russia shall not be too hard on the Poles, and an understanding that France is to be allowed to assume all the trouble and expense it pleases in supporting Wrangel. Mr. Balfour's "ultimatum" to Russia, while perhaps responsible for a slight modification of the Russian peace terms to Poland, has called out a pointed reminder from M. Chicherin that the policy of interfering with the domestic concerns of other nations is a game at which two can play. Meantime there are disquieting reports that Warsaw is divided on the question of carrying the war beyond the tentative Polish border, with France backing the imperialists, and that the Russians are bringing up reinforcements. Great Britain may well desire a settlement in Europe, for the clouds in India and Persia and Mesopotamia are darkening daily. Small wonder that the Allies pray for the day when the "moral force" of the United States—war vessels, munitions, soldiers, and

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credits for supplies—shall be arrayed openly on their side, not alone in the Russo-Polish imbroglio, but wherever the demand for liberty and self-determination shows its head.

THE Dublin Dominion Conference has adopted resolutions proposing a truce between the factions in Ireland, and favoring "an immediate and binding offer of full national self-government, to be accepted or rejected by specially elected representatives of the people of Ireland." The resolutions would carry more weight if the Conference itself had been really representative of the Irish people, and if the advocates of "full national self-government" were agreed as to what they want. As a matter of fact, however, Sinn Fein took no part in the Conference, with the result that the members represented only the so-called moderates who were at one only in desiring some kind of a compromise; while Sir Horace Plunkett, who presided over the fruitless Dublin Convention two years ago, is reported to have said that he had "no definite plan for dominion home rule." The high sheriff of Dublin, Mr. McWalter, hit the nail on the head when he declared that the responsibility for disorder in Dublin rested with the British troops, and that he would undertake to maintain both good order and good will with volunteers and former soldiers if the Government would withdraw its soldiers and policemen from the streets.

WITH General Alvarado, the Finance Minister, as its spokesman, Mexico is fervently promising to be good, the American oil companies are promising to pay their taxes, in spite of the fact that they consider them exorbitant, the Mexican envoy to Switzerland prophesies a new era of "honesty, justice, and good faith," and everything is as merry as a marriage bell. Meanwhile the usual accounts of Americans captured by bandits are appearing daily in the newspapers in case these amenities might be suspended at any time and it might be necessary to revive general public irritation in regard to the Mexican situation. But for the present the lion is lying down with the lamb, and General Alvarado has dinner with Edward L. Doheny, president of numerous American oil companies in Mexico. President de la Huerta is quite firm, however, on the subject of payment of taxes on oil properties, stating that "we have decided to take all measures necessary, which are sanctioned by law, to make the companies pay without further delay"; and General Obregon intimates that if he is elected to the Presidency next month foreigners, while they will be welcomed, must not expect any privileges not granted to natives, and Americans will be treated just like any other foreigners. What more have either any right to ask?

THE rioting in Denver, with the death of seven persons, the injuring of fifty others, and the wrecking of the plant of the Denver *Post*, which resulted in putting the city under martial law, is but the natural fruition of conditions in Denver, long ago exposed by Judge Ben Lindsey and never rectified. The central figures in this drama are the Denver Tramway Company and the forces behind it. Years of a "public-be-damned" policy, a long record of corruption culminating in open defiance of the law and the importation of armed strikebreakers, finally led to the tragic explosion. The Denver press, too, consistently played the incendiary role which so many of our newspapers, instead of standing for enlightenment and decency, have assumed—branding the union workers as bolshevists, anarchists, and traitors, and doing their best to arouse hatred. There was something of retributive justice in the wholly deplorable assault on the city's chief journalistic panderer to violence. Perhaps the most interesting and significant incident of the strike received almost no mention in newspapers throughout the country—which while emphasizing the violence made it far from clear that the firing was done by strikebreakers—namely, the severe condemnation by General Leonard Wood of the car company's policy of importing and arming strikebreakers, and his order directing that they be sent out of the city.

THE victory of the New York *Call* over Postmaster-General Burleson must give a peculiar thrill of satisfaction to every newspaper and every individual that has had dealings with that official during the last few years. By withholding for nearly three years the *Call's* second-class mailing privilege Mr. Burleson had every reason to think—and doubtless hoped—that he would ruin the newspaper or drive it out of business as he succeeded in doing with hundreds of other publications. By the courage and ability of its editors and managers, and the loyalty of its readers, who made the survival of the paper their daily business, the *Call* has not only lived, but has lived to get back its rights and to prove Mr. Burleson a law-breaker or at least a law-stretcher himself. But no mere restoration of its mailing rights can restore the enormous sums of money lost through the action of the Postmaster-General. Until the *Call* is adequately repaid for the almost incalculable damage inflicted by the Postmaster-General, until some recompense is made for his cold-blooded attempt to strangle it to death, the case should not be allowed to rest. The *Call* should take immediate steps to recover through the Court of Claims or by suing the Postmaster-General himself the full amount of its damage.

THE defeat of the Bolsheviki in Poland may be laid less to strategic wonder-working by General Weygand than to their own vaulting ambition. In suffering their first severe defeat in three years of superb resistance to pressure from all sides, the Soviets made radical departures from policy. They left their own boundaries and waged offensive warfare. That their justification was great, in view of Poland's unprovoked attack and their desire to allay definitely the Polish menace, does not alter the situation. The Soviets would have been stronger militarily, politically, and morally had they stopped at the Polish border. In a sense they repeated the German error of Brest-Litovsk, though to be sure they had made plain that their aims were not imperialistic. But their position is clearly much weakened by the military defeat and the consequent modification of their peace terms, including the inexcusable demand for leaving in arms only the Polish peasants. Anti-Bolshevists all over the world have asserted from the start that Soviet Russia was a military autocracy. Whatever it has been or is today, it would be wholly natural that it should become one. Force propagates force. Prussianism feeds on itself, as the brief and comparatively remote experience of the United States with warfare showed clearly. That the persistent hammering on all fronts by a hostile world would denature the originally peace-loving and war-weary Russians is logical evolution, for which the Allied Powers have only themselves to blame.

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THE best way to stop war is to stop it, and it looks as if workers in various parts of the world were beginning to realize that they have a conclusive veto power whenever they choose to exercise it. In the Middle Ages the men who declared wars fought them; kings and princes took the field in person and risked their lives for the plunder or other advantage that they sought. Our kings of finance and princes of industry have developed a better way; they delude the workers with buncombe about flag and country and democracy and duty until thousands of ordinary mortals, with no quarrel and nothing to gain, are cutting each other's throats. At last the workers are sensing this. The notice that British labor has served on Lloyd George that it will refuse to make or transport war material to be used against Russia is a declaration from the largest body that has so far spoken so definitely, but the kind of action that it suggests, in case of necessity, has in fact been carried on in guerrilla fashion in Italy for months. Now comes word that the Railway Workers' Union at Danzig has voted to halt all war supplies arriving at that port destined for Poland, while on the other side of the world the Australian Seamen's Union has informed the Government that it will not be a party to carrying any soldiers to war in future, and that if the Government wants to transport troops it will have to ship them itself. The reason for this action—failure to include seamen in the scheme for war gratuities—is a poor one, but the gesture is magnificent.

MEANWHILE, what is America doing? The Wilson Administration, in its note to the Italian Ambassador, has made clear its intention to prosecute an unauthorized war against Russia with all the powers that it now possesses or can usurp without too great protest. Mr. Wilson will go just as far as he can and, in the current phrase, "get away with it." Moreover, although it may be argued that the President cannot go far without a Congressional appropriation, it must not be forgotten that he can easily so commit and involve the country that a demand upon Congress for money can hardly be refused. We congratulate the Seattle Central Labor Council, therefore, in urging all similar bodies in American cities to ask the American Federation of Labor to call a conference "to effectively prevent the United States Government from making war on Russia without first securing the consent of the people." In case the A. F. of L. fails to act, the Seattle Council says that it is ready to take the initiative in calling a conference. We hope labor bodies will respond to this suggestion and that Mr. Wilson may soon have tangible proof that he will meet with obstruction in his own country in attempting to dictate by force of arms what kind of government a foreign people shall live under.

THE largest apple crop in years has been grown this summer—7,000,000 barrels more than last year in New York State alone. The present retail price is from ten cents a pound up, and the farmer gets as his share a dollar and a half a barrel, or one cent a pound, which does not cover the cost of picking! The result, unless some means can be found of increasing the demand by reducing the price, will be exactly what it was last year, when the farmer left apples to rot on the ground until they got so deep it was difficult to walk through the orchards, after which he shoveled them off into the creek. The New York Federation of Agriculture reports that there will be a probable waste of 2,000,000 bushels in that State unless the farmer can be guaranteed a market and a fair price. The remedy would seem to be to eliminate the middleman, but when a summer resident of Connecticut offered to ship several barrels of apples to his New York City grocer at a low price, if the grocer would sell them correspondingly cheaply, the grocer said: "I'd like to but I can't do it. The dealers have a complete monopoly and won't let me; if I sold these apples now they would refuse me fruit at other times when I needed it." One man, therefore, cannot cut off the middleman's head or his profit. Until the public is aroused to united action and demands its produce directly from the farmer, the present profiteering, and, worse, the present waste, will go on.

THE collapse of the industries of Central Europe has dangerously accentuated there the bitter opposition between town and country which Bertrand Russell observed in Russia. The farmers are more and more unwilling to accept the depreciated currency for which little or nothing can be bought; the industrial populations of the large German cities have neither shoes nor machinery to offer the agrarians in exchange for wheat and milk. Thus fifteen to twenty millions of people in the industrial regions of Central Europe, cut off from raw material abroad, from coal to turn what little they have into exchangeable goods and, therefore, by a final irony, from the meager food products of their own lands, are left in mid-air and asked to choose between suicide and slow starvation. They will not choose the former alternative nor, like the gentle Viennese, the latter. Unless help comes, it is they who will man the red armies of Central Europe at the specter of which the statesmen of the West affect to tremble. It is not the spread of communistic doctrines that will swell these armies. In their ranks will be found, according to the prediction of so sober a scholar as Professor Moritz Bonn, "conservatives and intellectuals, bourgeois and capitalists, who will all be impelled by but one will—the will to live." The actual human alternative for these millions is between starvation and revolt. It is another illustration of the vast and vicious circle of the economic policy of the Allies. Coal exactions and trade blockades cut off the urban population of Central Europe even from their own inadequate agricultural resources and drive the red banners of despair nearer and nearer to the West.

PERSONS of the writing kind may have occasion some day to recall with awe the name of M. Eugène Montfort, who has just succeeded in convincing a Paris court that writing is a business which calls for headquarters as well as head. A French rent law, requiring that leases on property occupied by practitioners of trades and professions be extendible for a period equal to the period of the war, was proved by M. Montfort to apply in the case of authors no less than in the case of lawyers and butchers. To be sure, authors hang no signs out and keep no office-hours; but they maintain typewriters, collect books that are difficult to move, and depend very much on friends who might forget new street numbers or who might not like lounging in new places so well. America orders literary things on the whole rather badly; yet the time may come, here as abroad, when every hack will be guaranteed his garret and every popular novelist his exclusive studio.

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How Will You Vote?

IT is a truism that there are great issues before the people in the Presidential election of 1920. Yet no one would suspect that to be the case from reading the speeches of Cox or Harding, or studying any of the other declarations made on behalf of the Democratic or Republican parties. The campaign is perhaps the most unreal in the nation's history; the questions which concern the people are hardly hinted at in the mummery in which the candidates of the two major parties are indulging. That, of course, is the hope of the politicians: that they will so far divorce their campaigns from any vital issues as to lead the people to forget that their government has, or should have, anything to do with their life or work. In order that one may realize how nearly Republicans and Democrats are both succeeding in this purpose, let us set down six of what may be regarded as the great issues before the American public today:

The cost of living;

The relations between capital and labor;

The making of peace abroad and the return of civil rights in this country;

The housing shortage;

The coal scarcity;

The transportation breakdown.

Now, what are Cox or Harding, Roosevelt or Coolidge proposing in respect to any of those questions? Nothing—or worse than nothing. They are either ignoring them altogether or dismissing them with windy phrases and meaningless generalizations. All are clutching frantically at the lifeless body of the League of Nations and trying to use its ghost to divert the American people from consideration of the real issues. Of course, rightminded people all over this country are interested in a true league of nations—a democratically-constituted body looking toward disarmament and peace—but they do not find that in Mr. Wilson's proposal, nor in any modification that can be made of it. In fact, they fear that the fiasco at Versailles has postponed the chance of a true world league for a good many years—at least until new men are at the head of the great powers.

Christensen, the Farmer-Labor Party's candidate for President, adequately summarized Harding's speech of acceptance in one word as "bunk." He was almost as brief and equally incisive when he said later: "A promise of four years more of Wilson hypocrisy is all I can get out of the speech of acceptance of Governor Cox." No Democratic speaker has yet said anything on that most momentous problem, the rising cost of living, that is one whit more promising or satisfactory than the meager declaration in the San Francisco platform: "We pledge the Democratic Party to a policy of strict economy in government expenditures and to the enactment and enforcement of such legislation as may be required to bring profiteers before the bar of criminal justice." A profiteer, in most instances, is merely one who makes as much money as he possibly can out of the profits system. He cannot be reached by law in one case in a thousand, and the attempt to cure a universal economic disease by criminal prosecution of individuals is as futile as to try to bail out the Atlantic Ocean with a pint cup. Yet Harding's remedy for the rising cost of living is substantially the same as that of the Democrats—plus a protective tariff!

In respect to peace it may seem at first glance that there is a substantial difference between the attitude of Democrats and Republicans. Cox has reiterated lately that he will not make a separate peace with Germany, while Harding is on record as saying: "I promise you formal and effective peace so quickly as a Republican Congress can pass its declaration for a Republican Executive to sign." But what does that amount to beside Harding's refusal to raise his voice against the war with Russia into which President Wilson is trying to drag the country? And does not Harding's entire record lead to the belief that he would involve the United States in a war with Mexico, without hesitation, if pressure from the oil interests was sufficient? The difference between Cox and Harding in regard to peace is no more real than are any of the other reputed distinctions in politics. And so it is with all the issues vital to the country. No concrete proposal has come from either Cox or Harding for meeting the housing shortage. Neither has had any suggestion for relieving the coal scarcity which Debs recently characterized from Atlanta Penitentiary as the livest issue before the public. As to the railroads, what constructive plan could be expected from Cox or Harding when a Republican Congress and a Democratic President have only recently restored these properties to the hands that for fifty years have been manipulating them in opposition to the interests of the public?

And still there are intelligent and progressive voters who say they expect to vote for Cox because he is the "better man," or for Harding because they do not want to "throw away" their ballot. When one votes for Cox or Harding he is not voting for a man but a system—a system which comes to precisely the same thing whether it is tagged as the Democratic or the Republican Party; a system that is bent on maintaining the industrial *status quo* in its own selfish interest. That its two parties represent merely a difference in sectional or factional control of the machinery of encrusted privilege has never been plainer than today. The person who throws away his ballot next November will be the one who votes for either Cox or Harding, for he will be perpetuating a kind of political action which ought by now to be recognized as futile humbug and meaningless mummery.

A newspaper humorist has suggested that it is a question next November of "Debs or dubs." This is close to the truth. The Socialist Party or the Farmer-Labor Party are the only ones for which it is in the least worth while to vote. There is no human probability that either will carry the election, but it is supremely important to roll up a big popular vote against the old parties and in favor of a radical movement in America. Such a movement may prove eventually to be neither the Socialist Party nor the Farmer-Labor Party; it may prove to be both. It is not necessary to believe all of the platform on which Christensen stands in order to vote for him; one need not be a Socialist to support Debs. Such a vote this year will be a voice of protest against the old parties and their evasion of the only issues that count; it will be a much-needed sign of the strength of progressive feeling in the country; it will be the individual voter's only possible contribution toward producing a new political alignment; it will be the only action that warrants the bother of going to the polls. To expect anything worth while from either Democrats or Republicans is like angling for fish in the Dead Sea.

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What Housing Shortage Means

EVERYBODY knows that there are not today in any large American city enough houses to provide decently for the needs of the population, that no adequate steps to deal with the situation have been taken anywhere, and that the city population continues to grow. What does a shortage of houses mean to the people who suffer from it and to the community as a whole?

For one thing, it means that thousands of families in the United States have for years been living, and must go on indefinitely living, in undesirable or unsuitable quarters. Thousands of families which need four, five, or six rooms as the barest minimum of decency and comfort are compelled to live in two or three rooms, or even in one. Thousands more who would gladly own their homes must live in apartments, thousands who would gladly live in apartments are forced into hotels or boarding or rooming houses. Men and women who work in town are being driven to live in the suburbs, and in suburbs more and more remote, or must make shift to occupy throughout the year country or seashore cottages built only for summer use. Yet the people have no choice, for there are no houses. The building of garages, theaters, and business blocks, for which there seem to be money and material enough, does not relieve the housing shortage.

The conditions under which hundreds of thousands of people in this country are forced to live—not poor persons merely, but those who receive more than a so-called living wage as well—are a national disgrace. Families with several children crowded into one room; two families in three rooms; the old and the sick on the top floors of apartment houses without elevators; families living in cellars; tumbledown and filthy buildings with dark and narrow stairways and passages, unsanitary plumbing, and inadequate fire-escapes or none at all, crowded to the roofs; rooms which have not been painted or papered for years and which are infested with vermin: these are the "houses" of which the crowded quarters of Boston and New York and Chicago and St. Louis and every other large city, not to speak of many a ghastly factory town, show examples without end. No wonder that epidemic disease, once started, must often run its course; that the lack of privacy blunts refinement when it does not destroy it altogether; that young people who marry decide that they must have no children; and that immorality and crime find plenty of hiding places. Yet the crowded, suffering population cannot move, for there are no houses.

Another result of housing shortage is oppressive landlordism. Few landlords have been content with such increases of rents as naturally accompany high prices and high wages. Tenants have found their houses or apartments rented over their heads without being given an opportunity to continue the leases themselves. Lease agreements have been broken when someone else offered to pay more. Evictions have multiplied a thousand fold, often with use of force, where the landlords or their agents have been able to obtain the support of the courts. Tenant communities that have combined for self-protection have been subjected to wholesale dispossession or terrorism, and occupants who could not be forced in any other way to give place to higher bidders have had allegations of immoral or objectionable conduct trumped up against them; requests for reasonable improvements or ordinary repairs have never been more brusquely refused. Yet the average tenant must suffer in silence, lucky if even on harsh terms he is graciously permitted to have a roof over his head, for there are no houses.

Recent advances in railway passenger rates have added heavily to the annual expenses of some hundreds of thousands of commuters. People are robbing themselves of food in order to pay the landlord who robs them in excessive rent, and families already indecently crowded are taking in lodgers. There is no hope of relief from this alarming situation in private enterprise, for capital must have its interest and private rent will exact the uttermost farthing. Only the power of government, fully and promptly exerted, can give homes to the people who need them now and provide the homes that will be needed in the immediate future. Will government act, or will it dawdle and discuss until the people, driven to desperation by suffering and abuse, take the law into their own hands?

The Near Eastern Chaos

IN the Near East four important events are at this writing taking place: Great Britain is at war with her mandatee, Mesopotamia; Egypt has been promised independence—with limitations—by the British Government; the Near Eastern conference of the Third Internationale is presumably being held at Baku; and Enver Pasha is in Moscow. The relations of these events are about as clear as the general situation in that part of the world—which is to say that they are not clear at all—but the lack of any visible coherence is another index to Allied activities in the Near East. If any focal point can be found in the picture, it is Moscow. Egypt is, perhaps, the bright spot. Lacking the official text of the agreement said to have been signed by Lord Milner and Said Zagloul Pasha, it is impossible to be sure there are no jokers in its clauses, but the summaries published indicate that a real triumph has been won by the Nationalists. If Lord Milner's reception last year in Egypt and his subsequent secret conferences at London with Said Zagloul persuaded him and the British Government that by independence the Egyptians meant nothing less than freedom, it redounds to the credit of British intelligence as well as of Egyptian tactics.

The peaceful promise of this action throws a more lurid light on the depressing chaos of the Near East outside of Egypt. In December Mr. Balfour remarked in the House of Commons that British supremacy in Egypt would be maintained, "and let nobody in Egypt or elsewhere make any mistake about it." But British supremacy has apparently been limited, even though Egypt stands, as Lord Curzon says, "at the door of Africa and on the highway to India." Why, then, should freedom be withheld from countries of less strategic importance which are aglow today with an equal fervor for freedom? It is an interesting fact that the resistance of a people to oppression is itself always used as a reason for oppression. There is evidently something disreputable in a nation's attempting to overthrow the power of a foreign invader of its soil. And so the present state of vigorous revolt in Mesopotamia is held as little less than treasonable. After a series of uprisings against British rule that have grown more and more serious, the British Government has at last admitted that it is war.

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and has dispatched troops from India and enrolled volunteers to fight its ungrateful Arabian wards. India and Persia are in no more than their normal state of discontent and frustrated desire to be free; but the Turks under Mustapha Kemal and his leaders are carrying on an active campaign, defeated by the French in one place and driven back by the Greeks in another, but returning to harry the invaders at every opportunity.

As for Syria, that unhappy state is playing the role of the latest victim of trust in Allied faith. Believing the promises made during the war, Emir Feisal united the tribes of Arabia and Syria under his banner and led a peasant army of some 30,000 against the Turks. Throughout the war he held out against the extremists in his own ranks, and trusted and yielded to Allenby; when the war was over he even evacuated territory held by Arab troops so that the French could occupy the lands assigned them under the Sykes-Picot agreement. When the British evacuated Syria many of the Arabs demanded united action with Mustapha Kemal against the French. Feisal refused, risking the loss of his prestige in his faith in the Allies' word. Feisal alone was strong enough to hold the pan-Mohammedan extremists in check, and he could hold them in check only if the British and French kept their word. The British and French did not keep their word. The Syrian state with Feisal at its head was not recognized and the Powers made it plain that while the aspiration for freedom was a useful sentiment when it drove the Arabs to fight the Turks, freedom put into practice could only be considered in the nature of an unfriendly act. So the French occupied Damascus, and Feisal, abandoned by the Allies and by his supporters the Arabs, fled from his country, leaving it committed to a pro-Turkish policy and condemned, doubtless, to years of guerrilla warfare with its mandatory.

Meanwhile Russia must not be forgotten. Russian propaganda certainly is not the original cause of Asiatic discontent. But Russia can organize the discontent fomented by the deceit and double-dealing of the Allies and use it to create a situation full of danger to the world. Hints of Bolshevist or "anarchist" influence have appeared in the London dispatches regarding events in Mesopotamia. Soviet uprisings are taking place in Afghanistan, an ally of Russia. There continue to be two governments in Persia—cut respectively after the Bolshevist and the British pattern. As for Kemal, he is ready not only for affiliation with bolshevism but for conversion to the faith. He is reported to have accepted the soviet form of government for the future Turkish state, and has said: "Since we are equally warring against European and British imperialistic capitalism, it naturally follows that we are cooperating with the Bolsheviki." Enver Pasha is in Russia where, from headquarters in Moscow, it is reported, he intends to direct the anti-British movement in the Near East and coordinate it with the activities of the Bolsheviki.

Some weeks ago the Soviet Government issued a call to the "peoples of Asia" to come to a conference in the city of Baku in the Soviet Republic of Azerbaijan on September 1. The call recites the grievances of the workers of the Near East, and states the purpose of the meeting in these concrete terms:

> Peasants and workers of the Near East! If you organize yourselves, if you form your own Workers' and Peasants' Government, if you arm yourselves, if you unite with the Red Russian Workers' and Peasants' Army, then you will be able to defy the English, French, and American capitalists, then you will settle accounts with your own exploiters, then you will find it possible, in a free alliance with the workers' republics of the world, to look after your own interests.

The determination embodied in this call is Russia's alternative to peace with Europe. Is Great Britain prepared to face it? If peace is not made the Allies have only two questions to consider: Does Russia actually intend, as Karl Radek says it intends, to "set the Near and Far East on fire"? Has it the power to accomplish its purpose? Of the first no doubt need be entertained. The second depends on whether England can trust the temper of the Near East to stand firm against words like those printed above. On the answer to that question depends the future of the British Empire in the Near East.

Propaganda Isn't Tired

ARE you tired of propaganda? Yes, you say, and in the bargain you are tired of hearing about propaganda, tired of seeing propaganda exposed, tired of being warned against propaganda. You are tired of anti-propaganda propaganda, and you want to become a child again and believe the news. So do we all. But it is far from time yet for such simple faith.

If you want to become a child at the movies, for instance, and believe everything—and you should, at the movies—you will be falling into arms more crafty and expert than normally you would like to feel around you. You will go to see "The Riders of the Dawn," and with the multitude you will applaud a raid upon a labor camp wherein curiously misrepresented members of the I. W. W. are beaten out of town with whips. You will go to "Poldekin" some evening for a laugh, and you will have it—if Booth Tarkington has rightly gauged you—at the expense of bolshevism. Which would be fair enough were Booth Tarkington not so deadly bent on converting you by laughter. "You can't argue with a Bolshevist," he has written to the producers of the film; "he can't be cured by statistics or oratory. Experience of bolshevism would cure him; but that takes too much time, and besides, it would wreck the country. A hopeful alternative is to laugh bolshevism to death; if bolshevism becomes ridiculous it's done for."

Or you can take your newspaper on trust and do for Russia even more simply. If you are foreign-born, and have not yet found English easy reading, you will be regularly supplied by the State Department, through the columns of your German or Greek or Italian newspaper, with passages on sovietism from the press of your native country. The whole press of your native country? No, because the State Department finds some of it uninteresting, undignified, and unofficial. No, only or mainly from the conservative press. Foreign-born or not, you may treat yourself to shocks and dismal disclosures without stint by attending to the Russian dispatches of the Associated Press. You will learn what it is that "observers" over there believe. "The Bolsheviki threw over 77-mm shells at intervals during the day from what observers believed to be a German gun." "Observers expressed the opinion that Germans apparently were supervising most of the artillery work." So run the advices of August 15. As if observers were near enough to read nameplates and appraise powder!

And never will you go without melancholy assurances

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that Russia's great cities are decaying. Deplorable stagnation and confusion prevail in a country which will not make peace—and thus far cannot. As for confusion, you will do well at this point to pause and remember that strikes are confusing every industry in America, from anthracite in Pennsylvania to chair-pushing at Atlantic City. As for stagnation, cities as rich as Chicago and New York, though they are White and not Red, have built no houses recently.

The Ivory Tower

IN a moment of sturdy polemical exuberance the other day Mr. H. L. Mencken threw an approving word at the political columns of *The Nation*, but informed the world that its criticism of literature was still unduly conservative and academic. Well, we do not think that Mr. Mencken has read our literary reviews and editorials with the attention which we are vain enough to think they deserve. We seem even to recall reviewing favorably, though doubtless in our own stodgy way, one or two volumes which he afterwards discovered. Our critical theory and our specific appreciations have, furthermore—and this is no bad sign—seemed perilously radical to some of Mr. Mencken's dearest enemies. Even though we agree with him far oftener and far more fundamentally than we do with his opponents, a subtle inner monitor warns him—for only thus can his announcement be explained—that the academic microbe is in our blood and that our eyes, avoiding from time to time the dust as well as the flowers of the literary roadside, are fixed upon some ivory tower.

Mr. Mencken is quite right. We have suffered, far more intimately and cruelly perhaps than he, from the moralistic belligerency, the intellectual stagnancy, the harsh dullness of the academic spirit at its worst. Yet when, with the most cordial admiration and agreement, we read his essays and the essays of others concerning what has "intrigued" or has failed to "intrigue" them, we feel a lack which drives us again and again to that pathetic seeking of the ivory tower which Mr. Mencken suspects. For at their worst, the universities have never quite lost the memory and the love of great things and the abiding sense—often warped, we admit, and put to dangerous uses—of the continuity of the historic culture of the race. When a distinguished literary person can no longer, by his own unashamed confession, read one of the soundest masterpieces of English poetry because, presumably, it deals in serenely measured language with a subject of remote and naked nobleness; when the young practitioners of free verse have never assimilated the things from which they had an entire and natural right to react, but include the art of John Milton and the minor imitators of Tennyson in their equally knowing disdain; when critics who protest against flaccid and timid verse are oblivious of Catullus and aware only of Mr. D. H. Lawrence, or when they combat moralistic doctrines in art with never a memory of the vision or the teaching of Goethe—when such things crowd about us at every turn we can still see the use and function of the dishonored groves and academes. What would Mr. Mencken himself think of a hot young composer who wrote tone-poems, as he has a perfect right to do, without ever having mastered the sonata form, or produced music in the manner of Mr. Ornstein, but could not tell a sonata of Beethoven from a fugue by Bach? It is well to possess the moment. It is more than well; it is necessary. Not to possess it is the common fault of the academic critic and betrays him into an hundred absurdities. But to be possessed by it is a misfortune almost equally grave.

Thus, while we are nearly always in agreement with the radical critics, our reasons are but rarely identical with theirs. For in our reasons and in the processes by which we arrive at them, the ardor of the moment is tempered and corrected by certain larger views and memories. We are quite as hostile as Mr. Mencken can possibly be to the rigid and outlived traditions that would seek to cripple life and its expression in the arts. But these traditions are not new, although they may vary in form and in their degree of ferocity; the protest of free minds against them is not new either. Nearly every creative spirit has been, after the manner of his age and personality, an insurgent. The tradition of insurgency, of revolt, of freedom is, in fact, quite as rich and far more significant than the tradition of sluggish conformity or angry conservatism. To disregard that tradition of freedom is to isolate and impoverish oneself and render one's works and judgments ephemeral and thin. The inventors of a new versification would sound less shrill and absolute were they more richly aware of other insurgents who, at other periods, have engaged in the same business. They would also have a clearer and deeper vision of the problem before them. The critics who defend Dreiser haled to court—and we are wholly at one with them—could grasp more thoroughly their conflict, their defense, and the character of the forces arrayed against them by recalling the similar experiences of Baudelaire and Flaubert and by connecting these with earlier and fiercer martyrdoms of the free spirit in dungeons and at the stake. The dramatist who cannot persuade managers to produce plays that are not false and cheery would be fortified by the knowledge that each new vision of the sum of things and each new view of moral sanctions and conflicts has had a bitter struggle before its dramatic embodiment could reach the audiences of its age. We are not, fortunately, creatures in the void. To cut ourselves adrift from the past, in this sense, is but to repeat old errors, reassert the thrice discovered, and thus retard the advent of the liberties we have at heart.

Now the trouble with the universities is, of course, that officially they do not represent the tradition of freedom at all. In economics and in philosophy, of which criticism is a branch, they follow and do not lead. Hence nearly all academic criticism is worthless. But the universities do possess and pass on the materials out of which the tradition of liberty can be built. And from the insurgent critical and poetical voices about us it is clear that this possession and transmission are functions no one else is ready to perform. However timid and disingenuous their teaching, our universities do deal with Euripides and Lucretius, Montaigne and Voltaire, Kant and Goethe, Hazlitt and Shelley. Men lend their tribal customs and unreasoning terrors the names of divine sanctions and universal truths and fortify their wills to war and persecution. The Puritan against whom Mr. Mencken cries out is but another manifestation of that eternal spirit of unreason, of tyranny, and of propitiative self-laceration. And Mr. Mencken himself would see that Puritan more clearly and combat his works and ways more effectively if he viewed him a little more under those aspects of man's eternity which are still, for better or worse, guarded within the ivory tower.

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What Will They Do With the Vote?

By STELLA CROSSLEY DALJORD

ONE of the most important results of the long suffrage fight just ended is the education in the fundamentals of American social life that thousands of women have received. We have learned as much, perhaps more, in seeking the vote as we shall learn for a long time in using it. For nothing has brought so many women of different classes together on a common working basis as suffrage. True, the women who work long hours and the poor with large families have had little time for the active suffrage work done by those with some margin of leisure; but in the campaigns, with their widely conducted house-to-house canvass, we have come to know each other as we could not otherwise, and have had our eyes opened to the economic struggle in these United States. We have learned to throw to the winds the things we have been told and to reason first hand from our own observations. It is likely, therefore, that a large share of the energy formerly in suffrage work will be redirected into the channels of the labor movement. This is particularly true of the younger suffrage worker. Not so long ago, after her feminist baptism of fire, she was convinced that the ills chiefly afflicting the community were the gross inequalities of women. These adjusted, she believed, with women having a voice in government, that wars would be avoided, social evils remedied and the world generally a fitter place to live in.

But after campaigning in cities, small towns, and outlying rural districts, she begins to have grave doubts about the feminist program as a panacea for social ills, or even for the ills of women. She begins to see that perhaps the feminist program of readjustment should be but a part of a larger, more embracing program of economic readjustment. Just "Votes for Women" may not amount to much, but the votes of women cast intelligently in the struggle against the present sick economic order may make considerable difference.

Perhaps this same young woman has worked for suffrage in a mill town. Most mill towns are much alike. Here is one with a population of thirteen or fourteen thousand and, per capita, a very rich town, but the suffrage worker learns that most of the wealth is in the hands of a score of the town's families, while the vast majority of the folks, who do most of the work to produce this wealth, live in poverty and dirt. Sometimes this majority, who—according to the stated rules of democracy as the suffrage worker learned them in school and the Declaration of Independence—should have some say as to how things should be in their town, has protested against insufficient wages and unsanitary housing; but ugly things have been done to them when they have spoken for themselves, though their protests have all been of a peaceful sort; and at present the Mayor, usually one of the large manufacturers and millionaires of the town, will not even allow the workingmen to parade. It might "lead to trouble," "trouble," really meaning changing the status quo in the little town which is very comfortable for the handful of its first families.

When the suffrage worker watches the several thousand of women mill workers come out of the mills at night, the older ones withered and bent, the younger ones with some of the bloom, that the mill will soon steal, still on their cheeks; when she reflects that virtually all of these women are working for a wage far below the minimum of decent living, she realizes that perhaps mere votes will not help so materially in their lives after all. Something more is needed. In her suffrage canvass this ardent young worker comes across the wife of a mill worker, mother of seven children, five of them unwanted, bending over a wash tub in a grimy house, and cheerily gives this hopeless woman a "Better Babies" leaflet as an argument for suffrage, but the woman, unbending from the wash tub, says querulously: "Babies—aw, babies! 'Cunnin' babies,' ye say! I've had seven o' them cunnin' things and I'm sick and tired of 'em. *I'd* like to know some way of not havin' any more and how to feed them I've got!" Again the suffrage worker begins to doubt whether mere votes will help. She goes home from her day's work discouraged and at sea. She has been face to face that day with the bare and ugly struggle for existence in a world that the majority of women in America face; and votes do not seem of such great moment.

In the larger cities where she has done organization work in the "Polish section," the "Italian section," and the "Jewish section," she realizes, from her intimate contact with the women folk of these would-be good Americans, something of the cant of so-called "Americanization work." She feels that true Americanization work would be the Golden Rule applied to those men and women of other countries who come to our shores, not the exploitation of their labor that usually takes place. She learns from the tired women with whom she has spent her day that "teaching foreigners American ways" should begin with paying them wages that will allow them to cultivate American ways.

And the campaigner in country districts has gained a sympathetic understanding of her rural sister whom she may have regarded with impatience heretofore. She knows she, too, would be "dumb," inarticulate and sometimes hopeless if she started the day at four o'clock, took care of six children, four hired hands, ten cows, and seventy-five chickens, all with her two hands.

Or perhaps campaigning in the South the suffrage worker is brought face to face with the grave national problem of gross injustice and cruelty to the Negro. She is told that it is all right to talk of suffrage for white women, but she must pretend that Negro women will be kept from the vote as have the Negro men. She may have even witnessed the orgy of a lynching. She realizes that asking for votes for women on the ground of democracy is a farce if, in the same breath, that democracy is denied the fellow American with a darker skin.

It is likely that many suffrage workers will turn the energies, released from suffrage work, into reform work of a mild sort; but among the younger ones many of marked ability, genius for organization, and political acumen, especially in the "militant group," will plunge deeply into the economic movement. Many of them, in the States where suffrage exists, have done so already and more will follow. Most of them are by nature rebels. And the influence they may wield with their large following of new voters, will be considerable.

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Self-Determining Haiti

II. WHAT THE UNITED STATES HAS ACCOMPLISHED

By JAMES WELDON JOHNSON

WHEN the truth about the conquest of Haiti—the slaughter of three thousand and practically unarmed Haitians, with the incidentally needless death of a score of American boys—begins to filter through the rigid Administration censorship to the American people, the apologists will become active. Their justification of what has been done will be grouped under two heads: one, the necessity, and two, the results. Under the first, much stress will be laid upon the "anarchy" which existed in Haiti, upon the backwardness of the Haitians and their absolute unfitness to govern themselves. The pretext which caused the intervention was taken up in the first article of this series. The characteristics, alleged and real, of the Haitian people will be taken up in a subsequent article. Now as to results: The apologists will attempt to show that material improvements in Haiti justify American intervention. Let us see what they are.

Diligent inquiry reveals just three: The building of the road from Port-au-Prince to Cape Haitien; the enforcement of certain sanitary regulations in the larger cities; and the improvement of the public hospital at Port-au-Prince. The enforcement of certain sanitary regulations is not so important as it may sound, for even under exclusive native rule, Haiti has been a remarkably healthy country and had never suffered from such epidemics as used to sweep Cuba and the Panama Canal region. The regulations, moreover, were of a purely minor character—the sort that might be issued by a board of health in any American city or town—and were in no wise fundamental, because there was no need. The same applies to the improvement of the hospital, long before the American Occupation, an effectively conducted institution but which, it is only fair to say, benefited considerably by the regulations and more up-to-date methods of American army surgeons—the best in the world. Neither of these accomplishments, however, creditable as they are, can well be put forward as a justification for military domination. The building of the great highway from Port-au-Prince to Cape Haitien is a monumental piece of work, but it is doubtful whether the object in building it was to supply the Haitians with a great highway or to construct a military road which would facilitate the transportation of troops and supplies from one end of the island to the other. And this represents the sum total of the constructive accomplishment after five years of American Occupation.

Now, the highway, while doubtless the most important achievement of the three, involved the most brutal of all the blunders of the Occupation. The work was in charge of an officer of Marines who stands out even in that organization for his "treat 'em rough" methods. He discovered the obsolete Haitian *corvée* and decided to enforce it with the most modern Marine efficiency. The *corvée*, or road law, in Haiti provided that each citizen should work a certain number of days on the public roads to keep them in condition, or pay a certain sum of money. In the days when this law was in force the Haitian government never required the men to work the roads except in their respective communities, and the number of days was usually limited to three a year. But the Occupation seized men wherever it could find them, and no able-bodied Haitian was safe from such raids, which most closely resembled the African slave raids of past centuries. And slavery it was—though temporary. By day or by night, from the bosom of their families, from their little farms or while trudging peacefully on the country roads, Haitians were seized and forcibly taken to toil for months in far sections of the country. Those who protested or resisted were beaten into submission. At night, after long hours of unremitting labor under armed taskmasters, who swiftly discouraged any slackening of effort with boot or rifle butt, the victims were herded in compounds. Those attempting to escape were shot. Their terror-stricken families meanwhile were often in total ignorance of the fate of their husbands, fathers, brothers.

It is chiefiy out of these methods that arose the need for "pacification." Many men of the rural districts became panic-stricken and fled to the hills and mountains. Others rebelled and did likewise, preferring death to slavery. These refugees largely make up the "caco" forces, to hunt down which has become the duty and the sport of American Marines, who were privileged to shoot a "caco" on sight. If anyone doubts that "caco" hunting is the sport of American Marines in Haiti, let him learn the facts about the death of Charlemagne. Charlemagne Peralte was a Haitian of education and culture and of great influence in his district. He was tried by an American courtmartial on the charge of aiding "cacos." He was sentenced, not to prison, however, but to five years of hard labor on the roads, and was forced to work in convict garb on the streets of Cape Haitien. He made his escape and put himself at the head of several hundred followers in a valiant though hopeless attempt to free Haiti. The America of the Revolution, indeed the America of the Civil War, would have regarded Charlemagne not as a criminal but a patriot. He met his death not in open fight, not in an attempt at his capture, but through a dastard deed. While standing over his camp fire, he was shot in cold blood by an American Marine officer who stood concealed by the darkness, and who had reached the camp through bribery and trickery. This deed, which was nothing short of assassination, has been heralded as an example of American heroism. Of this deed, Harry Franck, writing in the June Century of "The Death of Charlemagne," says: "Indeed it is fit to rank with any of the stirring warrior tales with which history is seasoned from the days of the Greeks down to the recent world war." America should read "The Death of Charlemagne" which attempts to glorify a black smirch on American arms and tradition.

There is a reason why the methods employed in road building affected the Haitian country folk in a way in which it might not have affected the people of any other Latin-American country. Not since the independence of the country has there been any such thing as a peon in Haiti. The revolution by which Haiti gained her independence was not merely a political revolution, it was also a social revolution. Among the many radical changes wrought was that of cut-

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ting up the large slave estates into small parcels and allotting them among former slaves. And so it was that every Haitian in the rural districts lived on his own plot of land, a plot on which his family has lived for perhaps more than a hundred years. No matter how small or how large that plot is, and whether he raises much or little on it, it is his and he is an independent farmer.

The completed highway, moreover, continued to be a barb in the Haitian wound. Automobiles on this road, running without any speed limit, are a constant inconvenience or danger to the natives carrying their market produce to town on their heads or loaded on the backs of animals. I have seen these people scramble in terror often up the side or down the declivity of the mountain for places of safety for themselves and their animals as the machines snorted by. I have seen a market woman's horse take flight and scatter the produce loaded on his back all over the road for several hundred yards. I have heard an American commercial traveler laughingly tell how on the trip from Cape Haitien to Port-au-Prince the automobile he was in killed a donkey and two pigs. It had not occurred to him that the donkey might be the chief capital of the small Haitian farmer and that the loss of it might entirely bankrupt him. It is all very humorous, of course, unless you happen to be the Haitian pedestrian.

The majority of visitors on arriving at Port-au-Prince and noticing the well-paved, well-kept streets, will at once jump to the conclusion that this work was done by the American Occupation. The Occupation goes to no trouble to refute this conclusion, and in fact it will by implication corroborate it. If one should exclaim, "Why, I am surprised to see what a well-paved city Port-au-Prince is!" he would be almost certain to receive the answer, "Yes, but you should have seen it before the Occupation." The implication here is that Port-au-Prince was a mudhole and that the Occupation is responsible for its clean and well-paved streets. It is true that at the time of the intervention, five years ago, there were only one or two paved streets in the Haitian capital, but the contracts for paving the entire city had been let by the Haitian Government, and the work had already been begun. This work was completed during the Occupation, *but the Occupation did not pave, and had nothing to do with the paving of a single street in Port-au-Prince.*

One accomplishment I did expect to find—that the American Occupation, in its five years of absolute rule, had developed and improved the Haitian system of public education. The United States has made some efforts in this direction in other countries where it has taken control. In Porto Rico, Cuba, and the Philippines, the attempt, at least, was made to establish modern school systems. Selected youths from these countries were taken and sent to the United States for training in order that they might return and be better teachers, and American teachers were sent to those islands in exchange. The American Occupation in Haiti has not advanced public education a single step. No new buildings have been erected. Not a single Haitian youth has been sent to the United States for training as a teacher, nor has a single American teacher, white or colored, been sent to Haiti. According to the general budget of Haiti, 1919-1920, there are teachers in the rural schools receiving as little as six dollars a month. Some of these teachers may not be worth more than six dollars a month. But after five years of American rule, there ought not to be a single teacher in the country who is not worth more than that paltry sum.

Another source of discontent is the Gendarmerie. When the Occupation took possession of the island, it disarmed all Haitians, including the various local police forces. To remedy this situation the Convention (Article X), provided that there should be created,—

> without delay, an efficient constabulary, urban and rural, composed of native Haitians. This constabulary shall be organized and officered by Americans, appointed by the President of Haiti upon nomination by the President of the United States. . . . These officers shall be replaced by Haitians as they, by examination conducted under direction of a board to be selected by the Senior American Officer of this constabulary in the presence of a representative of the Haitian Government, are found to be qualified to assume such duties.

During the first months of the Occupation officers of the Haitian Gendarmerie were commissioned officers of the marines, but the war took all these officers to Europe. Five years have passed and the constabulary is still officered entirely by marines, but almost without exception they are ex-privates or non-commissioned officers of the United States Marine Corps commissioned in the gendarmerie. Many of these men are rough, uncouth, and uneducated, and a great number from the South, are violently steeped in color prejudice. They direct all policing of city and town. It falls to them, ignorant of Haitian ways and language, to enforce every minor police regulation. Needless to say, this is a grave source of continued irritation. Where the genial American "cop" could, with a wave of his hand or club, convey the full majesty of the law to the small boy transgressor or to some equally innocuous offender, the strong-arm tactics for which the marines are famous, are apt to be promptly evoked. The pledge in the Convention that "these officers be replaced by Haitians" who could qualify, has, like other pledges, become a mere scrap of paper. Graduates of the famous French military academy of St. Cyr, men who have actually qualified for commissions in the French army, are denied the opportunity to fill even a lesser commission in the Haitian Gendarmerie, although such men, in addition to their pre-eminent qualifications of training, would, because of their understanding of local conditions and their complete familiarity with the ways of their own country, make ideal guardians of the peace.

The American Occupation of Haiti is not only guilty of sins of omission, it is guilty of sins of commission in addition to those committed in the building of the great road across the island. Brutalities and atrocities on the part of American marines have occurred with sufficient frequency to be the cause of deep resentment and terror. Marines talk freely of what they "did" to some Haitians in the outlying districts. Familiar methods of torture to make captives reveal what they often do not know are nonchalantly discussed. Just before I left Port-au-Prince an American Marine had caught a Haitian boy stealing sugar off the wharf and instead of arresting him he battered his brains out with the butt of his rifle. I learned from the lips of American Marines themselves of a number of cases of rape of Haitian women by marines. I often sat at tables in the hotels and cafes in company with marine officers and they talked before me without restraint. I remember the description of a "caco" hunt by one of them; he told how they finally came upon a crowd of natives engaged in the popular pastime of cock-fighting and how they "let them have it"

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with machine guns and rifle fire. I heard another, a captain of marines, relate how he at a fire in Port-au-Prince ordered a "rather dressed up Haitian," standing on the sidewalk, to "get in there" and take a hand at the pumps. It appeared that the Haitian merely shrugged his shoulders. The captain of marines then laughingly said: "I had on a pretty heavy pair of boots and I let him have a kick that landed him in the middle of the street. Someone ran up and told me that the man was an ex-member of the Haitian Assembly." The fact that the man had been a member of the Haitian Assembly made the whole incident more laughable to the captain of marines.

Perhaps the most serious aspect of American brutality in Haiti is not to be found in individual cases of cruelty, numerous and inexcusable though they are, but rather in the American attitude, well illustrated by the diagnosis of an American officer discussing the situation and its difficulty: "The trouble with this whole business is that some of these people with a little money and education think they are as good as we are," and this is the keynote of the attitude of every American to every Haitian. Americans have carried American hatred to Haiti. They have planted the feeling of caste and color prejudice where it never before existed.

And such are the "accomplishments" of the United States in Haiti. The Occupation has not only failed to achieve anything worth while, but has made it impossible to do so because of the distrust and bitterness that it has engendered in the Haitian people. Through the present instrumentalities no matter how earnestly the United States may desire to be fair to Haiti and make intervention a success, it will not succeed. An entirely new deal is necessary. This Government forced the Haitian leaders to accept the promise of American aid and American supervision. With that American aid the Haitian Government defaulted its external and internal debt, an obligation, which under self-government the Haitians had scrupulously observed. And American supervision turned out to be a military tyranny supporting a program of economic exploitation. The United States had an opportunity to gain the confidence of the Haitian people. That opportunity has been destroyed. When American troops first landed, although the Haitian people were outraged, there was a feeling nevertheless which might well have developed into cooperation. There were those who had hopes that the United States, guided by its traditional policy of nearly a century and a half, pursuing its fine stand in Cuba, under McKinley, Roosevelt, and Taft, would extend aid that would be mutually beneficial to both countries. Those Haitians who indulged this hope are disappointed and bitter. Those members of the Haitian Assembly who, while acting under coercion were nevertheless hopeful of American promises, incurred unpopularity by voting for the Convention, are today bitterly disappointed and utterly disillusioned.

If the United States should leave Haiti today, it would leave more than a thousand widows and orphans of its own making, more banditry than has existed for a century, resentment, hatred and despair in the heart of a whole people, to say nothing of the irreparable injury to its own tradition as the defender of the rights of man.

The real reasons for the Occupation and the continued presence of American troops in Haiti, will be told in the issue of September 11, in an article entitled Government Of, By, and For the National City Bank.

A Fragment

From the History of the Great War

By PROF. YUAN SEN, University of Shanghai

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Translated by JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

"We are, then, in my judgment, on the threshold of a second stage in the World War."—FRANK H. SIMONDS, in the New York *Tribune,* August 15, 1920.

THE second stage of the Great War, which was destined to complete the European wreck begun in the first stage (1914-1918), and to lead to the final collapse of western civilization, may be said to have opened in January, 1921. This stage may be roughly distinguished from the one which preceded it by the new and strange alignment of contending nations. Russia was now the enemy to be destroyed. Germany, on the other hand, took Russia's former place among the Allies. The League for Peace,* organized in December, 1920, was composed of England, France, Germany, Japan, and later the United States. Italy was prevented from joining the alliance by the so-called "Christmas Revolution," which threw the government into the hands of the Socialists, who promptly made common cause with the Bolsheviki of Russia. England, never able to bring her arms effectively into the struggle, was paralyzed by the great victory of the Labor Party in November, 1920. Only the coming of America to take England's place on the battle line, as she had taken Russia's place in 1917, held the alliance together, and thus prolonged the conflict till the final and complete catastrophe in 1925. From 1921 on, we may say that the conflict was substantially between Russia on the one side, and the United States on the other.

The entrance of Germany into the league against bolshevist Russia, was effected only with difficulty. In England and France there was naturally some prejudice against the Germans, surviving from the earlier phase of the world struggle. To great masses of Englishmen and Frenchmen, especially among the laboring classes and the war veterans, it seemed a preposterous thing to receive the Germans as friends and allies, and fight, not against, but with them. Even as late as 1921, there was occasional refusal to lift the German flag side by side with the tricolor and St. George's cross. But the methods of fashioning public opinion practiced so effectively from 1914 to 1918, were now as effectively applied again. All opposition to the German alliance was sternly repressed. Any word spoken against Germany was punished as rigorously as words spoken in favor of Germany in earlier days. Nor was government propaganda forgotten. Hundreds of speakers and millions of pamphlets were scattered through both countries, to teach the people the unexampled virtues of German character, and the necessity of strengthening the German nation as the one chief bulwark against the flood of barbarism now sweeping down upon the world. The result, of course, was inevitable, especially after the bolshevist uprising in India, and the refusal of Lenin to pay the Czar's debts to France. It was henceforth "any port in a storm"; and Germany was received into full and equal fellowship with her former enemies.

*Not to be confused with the abortive League of Nations, provided for in the Treaty of Versailles.

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It was in Germany itself, however, that the most serious difficulties were encountered. The collapse of Poland in the autumn of 1920, strengthened immeasurably the revolutionary party of the Sparticides which had been put down in bloodshed and terror in the early days of the Ebert government. An immediate campaign, for alliance with the Bolsheviki, and war to the death against the nations which had betrayed Germany after the armistice of November, 1918, and forced upon her helpless people the most cruel peace ever imposed by the victors upon the vanquished, met with wide popular favor. Here was a God-given opportunity, said the Sparticides, not only to take vengeance upon the Allies, but to restore Germany to her former position of power. Before such a movement Ebert was helpless, and the extension of bolshevism to the frontier of the Rhine seemed inevitable for weeks.

Then came the famous Mannheim Conference, secret for so many years, but now revealed in all its details. On October 2, Lloyd George, Millerand, Ebert, and Stinnes met in Mannheim, and drew up the "Agreement" which later led to the formal League of Peace. This "Agreement" provided, first, that the Treaty of Versailles should be canceled; second, that the Kaiser should be restored to his former throne; third, that the counter-revolutionary movement in the Kaiser's favor should be instantly recognized and supported by France and England; fourth, that reorganized Germany should at once declare war against the Soviets; fifth, that Germany should be provided by France and England with arms and ammunition; and last, that a league or alliance of nations should be formed for the support of the war against bolshevist Russia. Four weeks to a day after this Conference, the Kaiser crossed the Dutch border into Germany, under the escort of French and English troops, and a week later was proclaimed his new government at Berlin. Von Zimmerman was made Chancellor, von Ludendorff War Minister, von Tirpitz was placed in charge of naval affairs, and von Jagow given his old portfolio as Foreign Minister. Von Hindenburg was chosen to command the new German armies, because of his familiarity with the eastern front, and later after the organization of the League of Peace, made commander of all the allied forces, with Marshal Foch as chief of staff.

With the formal opening of war against the Bolsheviki by this new European alliance, every effort was made to bring America into the struggle. The National Security League and similar bodies were now as eager to help Germany against the "Huns,"* as they had formerly been eager to destroy Germany altogether. It was largely because of the agitation of these groups that President Wilson was persuaded to summon a special session of Congress in November, shortly after the sweeping victory of Harding, and in his famous "thirteen points" message call for a declaration of war against Russia, "to make the world safe for democracy." The Republicans promptly met this request of the Executive with the reminder that the United States was still at war with Germany, and that it was impossible for the nation to be at war with two different nations which were themselves at war against each other. Attorney General Palmer answered this rather far-fetched and certainly unscrupulous move of the Republicans by stating that America was indeed still at war with Germany, and that the war-powers of the government were therefore still existent. Then came the notorious "raids" of the Attorney General against Republicans for opposing the administration in time of war. Republican clubs, like Communistic clubs of earlier days, were everywhere invaded, and their members beaten up, cast into prison, and held without bail. Never was there a more extraordinary situation. Indeed, it is doubtful if the tangle of war and peace, alliances and hostilities, would ever have been satisfactorily straightened out, and America brought into alliance with Germany and the League of Peace, had it not been for . . .

[TRANSLATOR'S NOTE: It is most unfortunate that the "Fragment" of Prof. Yuan Sen's history ends at this point. It is known, however, that the American people were successfully brought into the war, and manifested an even greater fury in its prosecution (if this be possible) than they had shown against Germany in the first phase of the struggle.]

*It must be remembered that this term, "Huns," used to describe the Germans in 1914-1918, was now applied to the Russians.

Tyranny by Prophets

By HENRY G. ALSBERG

Moscow, July 17

IT must be admitted that Russia has not now a democratic form of government in any sense of the word. Pretty nearly everybody will admit that it is neither a dictatorship of the proletariat nor a dictatorship of a party—the Communist Party—but only a dictatorship of a central committee of a party, the Central Committee of Commissars, the Eighteen. But things could not have been otherwise. The increasing disorganization brought about by war and invasions forced the government to become more and more dictatorial. Within the Communist Party the discipline may be said to be of a military character. Communists are more severely punished for their sins than are outsiders. If a Communist is caught speculating, the chances are that he will be shot. A Communist is supposed to make many more sacrifices than a mere layman. He must volunteer for the front. The army contains over 300,000 party members and a great deal of the inefficiency in the government must be attributed to the fact that the best revolutionary brains and energy are at the front. Constant demands come from the army for more organizers, and constantly the cities have to give up their best for the military Moloch.

As I have pointed out before, the trade unions have, for the present, become a mere cog in the governmental machine of dictatorship. Similarly, I am inclined to think from what I hear that the electoral machinery has been so arranged that the present Government can keep its majority. The elections are by no means direct, but indirect, like our old senatorial elections, only the final election of members to the All-Russian central soviets is not once but about three times removed from the common or garden variety of elector. I think I have had evidence, at least sufficient to convince an ordinary person whose mind does not insist on strictly legal proof, that elections in the villages are often manipulated from the gubiernia towns. Besides, the villages, as a matter of plain fact, have only one-fifth of the representation that the city proletariat has. Informally, in the usual Russian manner of not making the institutions gibe with the facts or vice versa, in some gubiernias the peasant has only about one-tenth of the representation given to the workmen. That

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I know is the way the electoral system worked out in Samara. Quite plainly the peasants are not to be allowed, as I stated before, to kill the social revolution by their inert, small-proprietor backwardness.

It is very hard to make the outside world see the straits to which war and blockade and invasion have brought Russia, and how necessary it was to establish a dictatorship in order to save the country from Mexification. You have to be here to know the general level of education and intelligence, to understand that discipline and order, even of the low degree accomplished by the Bolsheviki, have been needed to pull things through. Very characteristic is the legend about how Trotzky managed to save Petrograd. The city was about to be given up to Judenich when Trotzky telegraphed the commander to hold out until he arrived. When he came he announced immediately that Petrograd would not be given up voluntarily, but that the defense would be organized in a street-to-street and house-to-house fight. The people of Petrograd, seeing that nothing would be gained by letting in Judenich, decided it would be the best policy to fight—and they did. It has needed an iron will to force this people to endure starvation and hardship and deprivation of all sorts in order to bring about a glorious result. Tyranny, if you will, but tyranny exercised by prophets.

Of course, with the dictatorship went a very strong suppression of freedom of speech and of assembly. Practically none but government newspapers exist. For a time the Mensheviki were allowed to publish a newspaper, and the Social Revolutionaries of the Left get out a sort of economic statistical periodical whenever the government, which controls the whole supply of paper, gives them some. They also get out a forbidden sheet now and then, a few copies of which were given me. The anarchist press in Petrograd, which was publishing some of Kropotkin's articles, has just been shut down temporarily. Freedom of assembly does not exist. Even at permitted meetings, since Chernov got up at the typographers' meeting and unexpectedly attacked the government, a permit for speakers is necessary. Again, until peace comes, we must hold the wars responsible for this gagging of public opinion. I have had admissions from pretty nearly all parties of the opposition that they are more or less actively engaged in propaganda against the government, intended to lead to its overthrow. The Left Social Revolutionaries, who were against the Brest-Litovsk treaty, now openly want to wreck the Red army, because they do not believe in organized armies but in international uprisings. Accepting the point of view that force is a legitimate instrument, then certainly the suppression of freedom of speech justifies itself on the ground that the nation which for three years has been in constant danger, must be saved. We Americans were four thousand miles from the scene of battle, and we gagged our press. Is it strange that a nation which has had the enemy at a point as near to the capital as Albany is to New York should perhaps go our government one better in the suppression of free speech?

In this connection I must say here, briefly, that none of the parties of the opposition has any program to offer in place of that of the Bolsheviki. I have talked with the Left and Right Social Revolutionaries, with the Tolstoi anarchists, Chetkov and Buliakin, and a whole roomful of dreamers who had no solution to offer except that it was wrong to resist and that it was equally wrong to recognize any form of government. I confess I was deeply touched by these people; but seeing that they were so remote from the great masses, one could not imagine them saving anything but their own dim souls. They were the shadow, perhaps, of a better Arcadia. The Mensheviki agree to the dictatorship of the proletariat, but still babble about a constitutional convention, which nobody wants or thinks about. All the opposition parties, with the exception, of course, of the Tolstoi anarchists, hasten to tell you that it is criminal to oppose the government in the present crisis; that until peace has come nobody should actively oppose them. In short, nobody has any alternative to propose. Kropotkin himself believes not only that intervention, the blockade, and the Polish war should cease, but also that the western world should recognize the present government. And Kropotkin, as will be seen in a later article, by no means believes the present government ideal!

The final instrument in the list of oppressions usually cited against the Soviet government is the Chesvichaika, the Extraordinary Commission. This Commission apparently has absolute powers, and need be governed only by "its revolutionary conscience." I know very little about the Chesvichaika. No doubt there are a great many political prisoners in jail, held without trial, and any irresponsible court of this kind should be abhorrent to a democratic state. But again we have to repeat the fact of Russia's parlous condition and the necessity of extreme measures in order to save the revolution.

On the whole, I do not believe that the V. C. K., as it is called, is nearly as efficient as we have been led to believe; and, from what I hear, its meshes are comfortably large. Sometimes, naturally enough, in times of great stress, innocent men get arrested and even executed. I personally know of one such case where, during the wholesale arrests and executions which followed the attack on Lenin, an innocent man was arrested and shot. The V. C. K. admitted his innocence afterward and sent a commission of inquiry to the family. What is truly characteristic and Russian about the story is that this commission, finding that the bereaved family had more cattle than it was entitled to, turned itself into an expropriation expedition and took away several of the cows. I have also heard of other authentic instances of persons who have been arrested and kept in jail for several months—persons who were quite innocent—and even of a case where an innocent man died in jail as a consequence of the poor conditions. On the other hand, the members of the British delegation, who visited the prisons, maintained that conditions there were infinitely preferable to those in British prisons, and a number of them were connoisseurs in this line, having served and suffered and lost their health in English jails during the war. Perhaps it will be significant to point out that the prisons have a first claim upon the food, with the children and institutions, but before the civilian population, according to the regulations of the food distribution department.

Again, let me call attention to the fact that Russia is not a retail country, and that this wholesale nation of 160,000,000 is living through very wholesale times, under terrific pressure—pressure such as no nation since the France of Danton's time has endured. Russia has no time for habeas corpus, free speech and such-like refinements which our own government found superfluous in time of war.

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Repeating American History*

By ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

NEXT to the achievement of national independence, the principal object for which our forefathers drew the sword and risked the hazard of punishment for treason, was to overthrow the British suppression of those very liberties which are guaranteed in our National Bill of Rights: . . . speech was to be free, conscience unfettered, and person and property secure in a sense new to mankind. The founders of the American nation intended to set up the everlasting reign of tolerance; and so obsessed of liberty were they that they really supposed they had done so.

The American people soon had an opportunity to make all this clear. European conditions were then strikingly similar to those which now appall us. The French Revolution terrified the world. Established order everywhere was threatened and quaking. The "Christian and civilized governments," as they then styled themselves, Great Britain, Prussia and Austria, combined to crush by force of arms what they fervently believed to be a menace to civilization. In many countries, but particularly in the United Kingdom and in America, the Jacobins of France had earnest adherents. In England, organizations were formed, principally among working men but including scholars and writers, for the purpose of securing democratic changes in the British constitution, such as universal suffrage and annual parliaments—reforms which, at that time, were regarded by static minds as destructive, revolutionary, anarchistic. These societies were comparatively small as to numbers and without much influence. Yet not only the royal government but also the "higher classes" as May calls them in his Constitutional History of England, became wildly alarmed; and together with men of property and substance everywhere, formed counter-societies for the purpose of preserving law, order, and the existing Constitution. It was these societies that Sir Thomas Erskine publicly branded as enemies of freedom.

These organizations raised funds, employed spies, and in every way supported and encouraged the government in a crusade to suppress and punish obnoxious writings and speeches; and everywhere men were arrested, indicted, tried, and convicted for sedition or constructive treason. Mere statements which today are the commonplaces of liberty, were condemned as incitements to subvert the British Constitution and overthrow the government. A period of repression and suppression occurred—a legal reign of terror. Judges held to be criminal mere proposals to change or improve British institutions. One eminent justice avowed that universal suffrage "would unquestionably be tantamount to a total subversion of this British constitution"—a statement typical of those which, at that time, fairly spouted from the bench. Among felons that crowded the "convict ships" bound for Australia, were occasional heroes of conscience, some of the best and noblest characters in the kingdom, deported for sedition and constructive treason.

The Government procured the enactment of the celebrated repressive measures of 1795. Fox denounced them as destructive of liberty, and prophesied that they would increase the agitation they were designed to suppress. Arrests, trials, convictions increased. In the name of patriotism a sort of holy war against ideas was proclaimed and ruthlessly carried on, the government required everybody to encase their minds in a straight-jacket of conventional thinking. The British Sedition Act of 1795 declared mere membership in certain societies to be criminal; thus came the recrudescence of that doctrine of tyranny, "guilt by association." Men were prosecuted not for overt acts, but for belonging to the proscribed societies. Yet no real danger existed. The great body of the British people were sound. They abhorred the French Revolution, its practices and its doctrines, as much as King George himself.

At the same time there was similar alarm in America, and with better reason; for great numbers of Americans were earnest sympathizers with the French Revolution. Formidable organizations modeled on the Jacobin Clubs of France and calling themselves "Democratic Societies," were formed in many States. Through these the gospel of French republicanism was sown broadcast. Certain classes thought they saw in all this a movement for radical change in American institutions and the overthrow of the government. Their frightened eyes beheld the destruction of private property, the downfall of religion, the utter disruption of society. These men sincerely felt that the only method of preserving order and liberty was not by meeting radical arguments in open discussion and demonstrating their fallacy, but by suppressing them altogether.

At this evil moment our relations with the French Republic reached the breaking point. But for the moderation of John Marshall, then Secretary of State, that war with France which actually raged on the oceans for two years, would have been formally declared. French partisans and French propagandists increased their activities; and then in an hour of madness and in the midst of terrific popular excitement, the Federalist majority in Congress enacted the Alien and Sedition laws of 1798. . . . Republican Congressmen bitterly resisted the Alien and Sedition bills; they said that those measures violated the guarantees of the First Amendment. . . . But the Federalists in Congress and most of the influential leaders of the party throughout the country—"the wise, rich and good" as they called themselves—had completely lost their heads. Terror of the French Revolution and hatred of democracy had extinguished their common sense. . . . The Federalist majority paid no heed, and the bills became laws.

In the numerous prosecutions in the national courts the judges, all of whom belonged to the Federalist party that had enacted these repressive statutes, acted and spoke in the same manner and words that the English judges had used from the beginning of the French Revolution and were continuing to employ. Their charges to juries were like stump speeches; they denounced France in terms of unbridaled and lurid violence; they browbeat witnesses, lectured counsel, assailed prisoners at the bar. If the judges thought the offensive writing had a *tendency* to incite disaffection, they inferred that such was the *intent* of the writer; or conversely. . . . The very bitter hatred and profound distrust of the bench caused by the action of national judges in construing and enforcing the Sedition Act of 1798, all but wrecked our judicial establishment—and that bitterness and distrust lasted for more than half a century. Yet the courts are the one steadying influence in our democracy, without which popular government would wreck itself to pieces; and this influence was impaired, wellnigh destroyed, by the judges themselves.

* From an address to the American Bar Association at St. Louis, August 26.

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Max Klinger

By FRIEDRICH BRUNS

IN the history of German art and letters the year 1920 will be memorable because of the death of Richard Dehmel and Max Klinger, the greatest lyric genius, and the foremost painter and sculptor of the generation in their country. Both artists took over the heritage of the past and sought to interpret life anew. Both hoped and strove for a new world, *das dritte Reich*, in which the ideals of Hellas and Christ were to be welded into one. When the world in which they lived was rent asunder they passed away as by a derisive act of fate in the fulness of their power.

Klinger belongs to those poet-artists to whom German art, for better and for worse, has owed its peculiar character since the days of Dürer. They are poets of the brush and the chisel; they seek to interpret life in concrete symbols and seem always to trespass on the realm of poetry. Schwind, Thoma, Feuerbach, and Böcklin, offer the best example of this trend in the nineteenth century. In the sweep and fertility of his imagination, Klinger outstrips all of these. He began as an etcher and brought new honor to this art. He preferred the needle to the brush because it permits a wider range of subjects. Since etchings, as Klinger tells us, are merely shadows, they can depict even the monstrous without giving offense. In his own he ranges from the light play of winsome fancy and humor to the grotesque and the tragic. Even in these, however, his tendency toward the monumental and plastic, through which he achieves his powerful effects, is apparent. No one who has really seen Mutter und Tod is likely to forget its utter simplicity and its expressive yet delicate symbolism. Much mention has been made of Klinger's early realism, and his admiration of Flaubert and Zola is evident. It is equally clear that realism is but one of the aspects of Klinger's art and but a phase in his development. It trained his eye and hand to greater accuracy. He admired Menzel; he loved Böcklin.

In his paintings Klinger, like Feuerbach, Mareès, and Böcklin, strives to achieve monumental effects. Sometimes he crowds his canvas and the symbolical meaning of the various groups may puzzle the beholder. A picture may seem over-burdened with meaning, yet its solemn, quiet beauty has an irresistible charm. Two fields of subject matter chiefly engross his endeavor: the glory of Hellas and the Cross of Christ. From the sensuous beauty of Greece in the Judgment of Paris Klinger turns to the Crucifixion and reaches the pinnacle of his religious art in his Pietà with its fine, harmonious simplicity. This was followed, a few years later, by Christ in Olympus. The finest interpretation of this last painting is Dehmel's poem, Jesus und Psyche. Its fundamental idea is that the sensuous beauty of Greece and the spirit of Christ must be welded into one.

A strong tendency toward plastic art is clearly inherent in Klinger. As the years passed by, he turned his attention more and more to sculpture. Even in his paintings the plastic representation of the human body had become more and more the object of his endeavor. In some of his sculpture this has become the exclusive goal, as, for example, in The Bathing Girl. Here symbolism is wholly absent. The symbolical trend reappears in the portrait-busts of Elsa Asenieff, Franz Liszt, and Friedrich Nietzsche. In his first statues, Salome and Cassandra, the former the embodiment of Oscar Wilde's Salome, the latter the heroic woman who calmly meets her fate, the symbolical trend was clearly evident. It achieved its highest expression in the Beethoven, Klinger's most ambitious work. As in Salome and Cassandra, Klinger once more made an effective use of color. He carried out the doctrine Böcklin had preached. This innovation aroused a storm of protest. That the Greeks had employed color in their statues was conveniently forgotten. The symbolism was no less an offense. What does it mean, was the query. "The Germans see only with their ears," Böcklin once said. The remark will bear a more general application. Numerous interpretations soon appeared. Dehmel's Jesus und Psyche contained a fine appreciation, but probably found few readers. The reliefs on the bronze seat depict the same idea as Christ in Olympus. The greatness of the work was, however, felt by many, and the city of Leipzig honored its great son by purchasing the Beethoven for its museum.

The death of Klinger calls to mind Rodin, the greatest modern French sculptor. At first sight they seem utterly different, Klinger, the idealist, Rodin, the realist. But if we apply these terms to the really great we touch only the surface. In a deeper sense, Max Klinger and Auguste Rodin belong together as great modern interpreters of the human soul in marble and bronze.

The Scythians

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN OF ALEXANDER BLOK BY BABETTE DEUTSCH AND ABRAHAM YARMOLINSKY.

Pan-Mongolism—though the word is strange,
My ear acclaims its gongs.
—VLADIMIR SOLOVYOV

You are the millions; we are multitude
And multitude and multitude.
Come, fight! Yea, we are Scythians,
Yea, Asians, a squint-eyed, greedy brood.

For you: the centuries; for us: one hour.
Like slaves, obeying and abhorred,
We were the shield between the breeds
Of Europe and the raging Mongol horde.

For centuries your ancient hammers forged
And drowned the thunder of far hates.
You heard like wild fantastic tales
Old Lisbon's and Messina's sudden fates.

Yea, so to love as our hot blood can love
Long since you ceased to love; the taste
You have forgotten, of a love
That burns like fire and like the fire lays waste.

All things we love: clear Number's burning chill,
The ecstasies that secret bloom.
All things we know: the Gallic light
And the parturient Germanic gloom.

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And we remember all: Parisian hells,
The breath of Venice's lagoons,
Far fragrance of green lemon groves,
And dim Cologne's cathedral-splintered moons.

And flesh we love, its color and its taste,
Its deathy odor, heavy, raw.
And is it our guilt if your bones
Will crack beneath our powerful, supple paw?

It is our wont to seize wild colts at play:
They rear and impotently shake
Wild manes—we crush their mighty croups.
And shrewish women slaves we tame—or break.

Come unto us, from the black ways of war,
Come to our peaceful arms and rest.
Comrades, while it is not too late,
Sheathe the old sword. May brotherhood be blest.

If not, we have not anything to lose.
We also know old perfidies.
By sick descendants you will be
Accursed for centuries and centuries.

To welcome pretty Europe, we shall spread
And scatter in the tangled space
Of our wide thickets. We shall turn
To you our alien Asiatic face.

For centuries your eyes were toward the East.
Our pearls you hoarded in your chests,
And mockingly you bode the day
When you could aim your cannon at our breasts.

The time has come. Disaster beats its wings.
With every day the insults grow.
The hour will strike, and without ruth
Your proud and powerless Paestums be laid low.

Oh pause, old world, while life still beats in you.
Oh weary one, oh worn, oh wise!
Halt here, as once did Oedipus
Before the Sphinx's enigmatic eyes.

Yea, Russia is a Sphinx. Exulting, grieving,
And sweating blood, she cannot sate
Her eyes that gaze and gaze and gaze
At you with stone-lipped love for you, and hate.

Go, all of you, to Ural fastnesses,
We clear the battle-ground for war;
Cold Number shaping guns of steel
Where the fierce Mongol hordes in frenzy pour.

But we, we shall no longer be your shield.
We, careless of the battle-cries,
Shall watch the deadly duel seethe,
Aloof, with indurate and narrow eyes.

We shall not move when the ferocious Hun
Despoils the corpse and leaves it bare,
Burns towns, herds cattle in the church,
And smell of white flesh roasting fills the air.

For the last time, old world, we bid you come,
Feast brotherly within our walls.
To share our peace and glowing toil
Once only the barbarian lyre calls.

In the Driftway

TWO men there are at present who are much in the public eye: Prince Carol of Rumania, visiting incognito in New York, and the Lord Mayor of Cork, dying in a London prison. Each is set apart from his fellows—one for what he is, one for what he believes. Each inspires awe and curiosity in the minds of common men; each wins almost a column daily in the press. It is much the same awe and curiosity, too, although their cases are so very different. There is the Prince, who if he were not a prince, would be regarded, if he were regarded at all, as a rather dull young man with a garish taste in dress, combining, as he is said to, a brown hat, a green shirt, a red tie, and a blue suit. Yet being a prince he is dined by an ex-ambassador, an ex-senator, an ex-congressman, an associate justice of the Court of Appeals, and various other prominent and successful business and professional men, and he makes at the dinner a speech that is both silly and sordid, ending with the statement that "Rumania . . . is now fighting to become one of the richest nations of Europe." And on the other hand there is Terence MacSweeney, who believes so sternly and strongly and unflinchingly in the right and justice of the cause of Ireland that he is willing to die for it.

* * * * *

THESE men at present are the objects of hero-worship, and while the hero-worship of Prince Carol is pitiful and not a little sad, that of the Lord Mayor of Cork is inspiring and hopeful. The Prince is a sham, but his worshipers are sincere; they bow and scrape to him because they think he is glorious; because a prince should be glorious, and it is not their fault but their misfortune that he is not. But the latest news of the Lord Mayor of Cork is printed in red letters on news bulletins and men crowd around to read it because they are, consciously or unconsciously, making obeisance to a genuine hero; one who regards his life, which in the last analysis is the most precious thing a man has, as of less account than his faith. And though faith like this can be shared or even understood by only a few, it is recognized by everyone, and receives the tribute of reverence which is its due.

THE DRIFTER

Contributors to This Issue

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Books

Foster on the Steel Strike

The Great Steel Strike and Its Lessons. By William Z. Foster. B. W. Huebsch, Inc.

OF the two parts of Mr. Foster's title the latter is the more important. The steel strike of 1919, widespread and portentous as it was, has now become historical in the economic life of the nation. What is to follow it, and how the development is to take place, are the questions that now chiefly concern us. The rise and fall of the hopes of hundreds of thousands of steel workers was, to be sure, as dramatic, as much steeped in heroic emotion and rich incident, as the struggle for liberty of many a small nation. Those who left the little office in the M'Gee Building in Pittsburgh where Foster had his desk and went out to visit the workers and their families in the dozens of towns where the strike was actually lived out soon discovered the absurdity of the bookish idea that this was a plot engineered by a "red radical" or two. Foster might have been supplanted by Gompers, or Lenin, or Warren G. Harding, without any great difference being made in the state of mind of the strikers. The strike was a popular uprising, with its sources deep in the years of communal oppression which the peasant immigrants had endured. The score or more of organizers who directed it merely succeeded in turning this full current into channels. There will be another strike, and then perhaps the channels will be different, but the current will be the same. That little force of union officials could no more have begun the mass movement of 350,000 men without the deep underlying resentment which lay ready to be tapped, nor have stopped the movement, once started, before it had run its course, than a geologist could turn on or off an eruption of Vesuvius.

I remember standing with John Fitch, who wrote the introduction to this book, in the basement of a little hall in Homestead—the only one in the town where meetings were allowed to be held, though even there they were later shut off. We were behind the speaker, Joseph D. Cannon of the Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers; we had entered without his knowledge. It was a sultry dry, and the low room, crowded to the doors with standing men, was stifling. As these Slavs wiped the sweat from their foreheads they stood silent, listening to the speaker with strained and eager attention. He was telling them eloquently about the hardships endured by George Washington's ragged army in its seven-years' struggle for freedom, a struggle which symbolized American ideals, and which, he said, the trade-union movement was still carrying on for the benefit of the workers and their children's children. When the steel workers should win the eight-hour day and have a little leisure he wanted them to learn English and then to read the story of Washington's army. A man in the audience broke in with a cry: "I been in America twenty-five years; no get chance learn English yet!" In a flash the landscape of his life was revealed. Toiling year after year for most of his waking hours, without a share even in the country that profited from his work, rejected and persecuted when he asked for one—his tone was that of a puzzled and heart-broken child. The natural question arising from such experiences in the field was not whether Foster and the trade-union movement had justly earned the condemnation of the public in assuming responsibility for the strike, but whether they were fitted to carry out their responsibility to the workers in the matter of leading and winning it.

Some such feeling as this lies behind Foster's story of the great movement which he and John Fitzpatrick, as officers of the National Committee for Organizing Steel Workers, directed. It is a straightforward account, not so much of the deeper currents and cross currents of the strike, as of the part played in it by the trade-union movement. The plans and tactics adopted, the successes and failures, the lessons to be learned for labor's struggle in the future, Foster describes in the form of an apologia for his methods and his ideas about trade-union strategy. His defense is deployed, not against the reactionaries who thought the steel strike a red plot, but against the radicals who think the conservative American Federation of Labor is incapable of leading the steel workers to victory.

To understand Foster's attack on the subject it is necessary to know a little about his personality and history. He is a Massachusetts Yankee, with the typical Yankee combination of shrewd practical sense and intellectual idealism. He is not a full-blooded, emotional seeker after prestige and power, or an exploiter of personality. Almost painfully modest, he lives, like a true intellectual, entirely in the realm of ideas—though he is a master of many trades. Early in his trade-union career he became a convinced syndicalist—which means in substance two things: that he saw the inequities and inefficiencies of capitalism, and that he espoused industrial unionism as the chief hope of the workers. But a short experience with the I. W. W., coupled with a first-hand study of the European labor movement, awakened his practical sense. "The I. W. W.," as he often says, "are absolutely against results." To do anything in this world one must use the tools that exist; one must work with the forces of life, prepared to take full advantage of leaps and sports, but not expecting evolution to unroll at a word of command. The trade-union movement is the historical, the natural organization of the workers. The trade-union movement suffers when the radicals —that is, the thinkers and the active, courageous spirits—leave it. Therefore Foster advised the I. W. W. to give up their attempt to form competing unions—ideal, perfectionist, revolutionary unions. He spent six years trying to persuade members of the I. W. W. to come back into the great trade-union movement and to work with the masses of their fellows where they would be of most use. It was not a doctrine of compromise, neither was it the stupid intrigue which the public has come to understand by the phrase "boring from within." To say that Foster is a Red, surreptitiously using the trade-union movement for his own purposes, is a caricature of the truth. He has long-suffering loyalty and hope for the labor movement as a whole and for the trade unions as its chief present embodiment. He sees that social evolution is at work here, and he believes the goal of that evolution to be the goal he desires. Meanwhile, he patiently and ingeniously does his share in the work wherever opportunity offers. The group of ideas which I have thus crudely and briefly expressed is, with Foster, the motive power of a life.

His first large attempt to prove his thesis in action was with the Chicago packing house employees. Here the old trade unions had met their usual failure in organizing unskilled immigrant workers in a great and powerful industry. Some form of industrial unionism was obviously necessary. But Foster did not turn to the I. W. W. or to any newer independent group. He devised a scheme for securing the cooperation of the dozen or more American Federation of Labor craft unions and thus bringing about industrial action. He succeeded, by the application of faith and ingenuity, in securing organization and a collective agreement through the trade union movement, and he succeeded at the same time in giving the old unions an impetus forward. On the success of this achievement he built his steel campaign. His description of his plans is dramatic and convincing. He brought about the committee of the twenty-four cooperating unions as he desired. If he had then been able to go on with a prompt nation-wide organizing campaign, culminating before the signing of peace, there is little doubt that the steel workers would have won collective bargaining with no more trouble than a parade of their strength. But here the old unions failed him. They did not provide enough money. They did not send enough good organizers. The campaign had to be localized. By the time it had gathered full headway the large employers were prepared and the governmental machinery of arbitration was dissolved. The Steel Corporation had its im-

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mense war surplus as a fighting chest, and the demand for munitions had ceased. When the strike was called it was already too late to win, and the trade-union movement was at fault. Nevertheless, the strike had to be called on account of pressure from the rank and file. During the strike also the old unionism displayed its weaknesses. The principal union of the highly skilled failed to cooperate with the unskilled. Toward the end it began to sabotage the strike, and was a factor in bringing about its collapse. Foster candidly admits these facts—with the exception that he sincerely believed it possible to win the strike even at the late date of its beginning. Foster has resigned, and the union mentioned above has brought about the dissolution of the organizing committee itself. In spite of all this Foster maintains his attitude toward the trade-union movement more stoutly than ever. He sinks all personal disappointments and grievances, and calls the attention of radicals to the great advance which the steel strike marked over former battles of the old unionism. He recommends specific improvements in the next campaign and argues for a recognition of the evolutionary process. "The conclusion is bound to be optimistic and full of enthusiasm for the future."

Whether or not Foster's optimism is well founded is a question which would bear much discussion, and which only the future can finally decide. For the moment it is enough that his attitude has been ably set forth—and this itself is an event of prime importance. His book is worth a dozen abstract discussions of the labor movement, for it is an example, one of the best examples that has ever arisen, of labor doing its own thinking, making its own detailed and disinterested analysis. For its clarity, cogency, and significance, it is better worth reading than nine-tenths of the volumes written about public affairs.

GEORGE SOULE

Various Views of Ireland

The Irish Wars. By J. J. O'Connell. Dublin: Martin Lester, Ltd.

The Irish Rebellion of 1641. By Lord Ernest Hamilton. London: John Murray.

An Irish Commune: The History of Ralahine. Adapted from the narrative of E. T. Craig, with an introduction by George Russell (Æ) and notes by Diarmuid O'Cobhthaigh. Dublin: Martin Lester, Ltd.

THE more vital an issue, unfortunately, the harder it often is to get the truth about it. Nevertheless, if partisanship is openly avowed, one is not misled by it and can often learn much even from the *ex parte* statements of special pleaders. The plainly patriotic bias of Mr. O'Connell's military history of Ireland from the Norse invasions till the close of the eighteenth century does not greatly detract from its value. With extraordinary clearness he brings out the constant factors in Irish geography and culture that so often made the history of each invasion repeat that of the last. Ireland is divided into three physical regions, the northern mountains, the southern highlands, and the central plain; and this plain is divided in two by the river Shannon. Now, though there are openings for invaders in the river-mouths of the north and south, they sink into insignificance compared with the two great avenues to the dominating (because the richest and central) portion, the rivers Boyne and Liffey. The really exposed and vulnerable heart of the island lies opposite England, and this has been the cause of her age-long dependence on the Normans, the Tudors, and their successors. A second constant element in Irish history has been the fact that her art of war, like her civilization in general, has always lagged a little in the rear of the best European contemporary models. The Irish hosts fought bravely, but usually went down before superior armaments: the battle-axe of the Norsemen, the mailed cavalry of the Normans, the firearms of the Tudors and of Cromwell. Another feature of the tale that recurs almost invariably is that each great Continental rival of Britain has sought to stir up and use Ireland as a base against the common enemy. Spain, France, and Germany have thus used her.

The avowed object of Lord Ernest Hamilton, whose third book on Ulster takes up the tale at the accession of James I and covers the period of the first Stuarts, is to correct the errors of certain British historians who are said to have suppressed, through a mistaken sense of generosity, events in Irish history which reflect discredit on the native race. Lecky in particular is accused of continual special-pleading in favor of the Irish, spreading upon his pages a constant *suggestio falsi* in their favor, while leaving himself a loophole of truthful statement by which to escape if pressed. Lord Ernest professes to be animated by a sense not of generosity but of truth in painting a picture of the Irish so dark that he admits it will appear to the average reader as a libel. He sees one side nearly all white and the other nearly all black. When the first permanent plantations of British were made in Ulster the natives were driven from their lands to the bogs, but it is said that they felt no resentment at this expropriation until the riches of the land improved by Saxon toil excited their cupidity. As they continued prowling around the land they had once possessed, it was proposed to treat them like wolves, a vermin from which the country must be freed. Lord Ernest sees nothing wrong in this, and when the great rebellion broke out he says it had no motives but the injured pride of a few native chiefs, certainly not the religious and patriotic causes to which it is commonly attributed. He labors to show that the massacres in which many thousands of British perished furnished a just excuse for the bloody reprisals, including Cromwell's stern measures, by which they were punished. The massacre at Drogheda is justified on the ground that it followed an assault and was mainly directed not against the Irish but against the English Royalist garrison. But through all the heartrending story, even as distorted by Lord Ernest's affections, it is plain that the stronger race was the aggressor and the weaker race more sinned against than sinning. Faults there were on both sides; but for an impartial and statesmanlike account of the conflict, the historian, even though he may learn here and there details from Lord Ernest, will continue to turn to the pages of Lecky.

From the annals written in blood and tears it is pleasant to turn to the story of a beautiful and hopeful, even if eventually unsuccessful, experiment in communism made in County Clare ninety years ago. The agrarian conditions of Ireland were at that time terrible; poverty was general and bitter, rioting and crime were rife, and the government had no remedy to offer but suspension of the habeas corpus act and drastic punishments by police and military. In these disheartening circumstances an Englishman named Craig, inspired by social ideas similar to those held by Owen, undaunted by criticisms of his plan as "Utopian, rash, and absurd," founded a commune on the estate of Mr. John S. Vandeleur at Ralahine. The tenantry, including forty adults and some children, organized themselves into a company agreeing to hold all things in common after they had paid the rent with which they were still burdened. Liquor and tobacco were banished, a set of rules for self-government adopted, and the management of the farm put under "democratic control." Encouraged by the prospect of profiting from all that they made over and above the rent, the peasants put a new spirit into their work and more than made a success of it. Agrarian crimes, frequent on the estate during past years, automatically ceased; good order and discipline prevailed; a common store was started; children were educated better than they had ever been before; and a fund was provided with which to take care of sick members or of orphaned children. Greater crops did something to improve the economic condition of the workers. But after three years the hopeful little experiment came to an end through no fault of its own. Mr. Vandeleur gambled away at his club not only his own

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property, but, as Æ puts it, "what may well have been a happier destiny for his country." The estate came into bankruptcy and legal proceedings were taken against Craig. His heart was so in the work that he burst into tears when he heard the bad news, and, if we may believe his rhetoric, his hair turned gray in a single night. But his noble effort was not all in vain. "I think it possible," writes Æ, "that the soul of Ralahine may reincarnate speedily in modern Ireland, where people now talk almost as much about cooperation as about Sinn Fein."

PRESERVED SMITH

What a Budget Means

The Budget and Responsible Government. By Frederick A. Cleveland and Arthur Eugene Buck. With an introduction by William Howard Taft. The Macmillan Company.

The Evolution of the Budget in Massachusetts. By Luther H. Gulick. The Macmillan Company.

"DO you believe in God? Yes or No, and no equivocation." In this peremptory language an irate college president once addressed his professor of philosophy. "That depends upon your concept of the Deity," gently replied the officer of instruction. At the end of the academic year he was not classified among the "gainfully employed."

In these days it is also necessary to believe in a budget system. Everybody does, you know. That which was academic has become practical. All political parties favor it. Ladies' clubs discuss it. Mr. Cox points with pride to what he has done in Ohio, and Mr. Harding to what he would do in Washington. But the more than casual student of the subject, if sharply questioned as to his belief in a budget system, would have to use the language of the professor: "That depends upon your concept of a budget."

Nobody knows this better than the authors of the volumes before us. Many a cheerful advocate of a budget system will be shocked to find that one of the leaders in budget reform, Dr. F. A. Cleveland, believes that the idea involves some fundamental changes in our form of government—the substitution of responsible government for our scheme of divided powers and irresponsible party manipulation. About one-half of the volume by Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Buck is occupied with a historical review of the principles of democratic control, the rising protest against invisible boss rule, and recent efforts to improve public administration and public finance. All of this is very informing in that it shows the vital relation between a budget system and the structure and operation of government. Dr. Cleveland thinks we need four things to make American political devices truly democratic and a budget system an effective instrument of financial control: (1) the preparation of plans, financial and administrative, by an executive who stands in the full light of publicity and can be held responsible to the people; (2) legislative review of the plans in open session with the executive present to be heard in defense of his program; (3) the right of appeal to the electorate in case of a deadlock; and (4) machinery for holding squarely responsible the victor in any appeal to the voters. Dr. Cleveland does not anywhere give us an exact picture of the scheme of government required to accomplish these results. If he tried to visualize it narrowly, he might be shocked by his own temerity as well as by the child of his imagination. What parliamentary government in the true sense of the word would do to American institutions is dreadful to contemplate. Pushed half way to its logical consequences, it would mean a political revolution. Perhaps Dr. Cleveland's answer would be: "Let those who have eyes face the light."

For the student of budget legislation and administration in the technical sense, the chapters by Mr. Buck will be especially welcome. They embrace a careful review of recent efforts to reorganize state administration and introduce budget reform. Here will be found a full and orderly account of these activities, illuminated by wise and pertinent comment from a man who combines practical experience with systematic thinking. Mr. Buck does not make any excursions into political philosophy, but he supplies, sometimes with a touch of dry humor, enough information to blow up a whole regiment of smooth-tongued reformers in the field of budget administration. Mr. Taft contributes a brief introduction which adds the weight of his great name to the joint enterprise. It is probable that Mr. Taft did not read the volume which he introduces to us, for his views on the merits of the Good-McCormick bills are sharply opposed to the opinions expressed by Dr. Cleveland in the body of the text. The editor, Dr. Lindsay, has come heroically to the rescue in his prefatory note. He has brought about an apparent reconciliation, or perhaps it would be better to say, patched up an apparent truce, with considerable skill.

Dr. Gulick's contribution to the subject of the budget is based on his experience as secretary of the joint special committee on finance and budget procedure of the Massachusetts legislature. His volume describes the actual operation of a "budget system" as seen from the inside. It will prove exceedingly helpful to those political adolescents who imagine that a piece of legislation imposing on the governor the duty of preparing a financial plan will produce any important changes in our way of doing business. The upshot of Dr. Gulick's researches is that political power is where it is and will be where it will be no matter what the fiscal devices. What we have in state government is a concatenation of political forces. Sometimes they function through the legislature; sometimes through the governor; sometimes through a combination of the two. We may impose the duty of preparing a budget on the governor, but we cannot prevent him from holding back-room sessions with the legislative leaders and agreeing on the whole business in advance. We may vest the power in a legislative committee, but we cannot prevent a strong governor supported by dominant political forces from prescribing the limits of legislative action. All of which leads us back again to Dr. Cleveland's idea of making political power, wherever it is located, both visible and responsible. The question is: Can it be done in a democracy?

Both volumes are in a way the product of the New York Bureau of Municipal Research and Training School for Public Service. Dr. Cleveland was formerly the director of the institution, and Mr. Buck and Dr. Gulick are now members of the staff.

CHARLES A. BEARD

Diverse Americans

Growing Up. By Mary Heaton Vorse. Boni and Liveright.

Children in the Mist. By George Madden Martin. D. Appleton and Company.

Mountain. By Clement Wood. E. P. Dutton and Company.

WITH uncommon charm, with lightness and precision of touch, Mrs. Vorse illustrates the modern attitude toward the child. That attitude may be defined—to use famous but tarnished words—as one of watchful waiting. No longer is the child an object for molding and often heavy hands; it is permitted to take its own line of character, to grow in the free and intimate sense, and interference is strictly limited to the function of protection. One records such a definition of the attitude of sensible parents and educators to children not without a sense of the crushing irony of the fact that neither states nor majorities, neither principalities nor powers, have yet approximated anything like so civilized a point of view in their treatment of those children of a larger growth, men. Though firmly bent on her discoveries in pedagogical psychology, Mrs. Vorse is anything but dry and didactic. The Marceys are people—extraordinarily real people, in spite of the curious little discrepancies which one cannot help noting. Their attitude to their babies is

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the finest thing about them; in all other respects their grain seems coarser. It is but just to remember that everyone has known American families whose general culture is narrow and thin but into which the college-bred mother and wife introduces many such liberal notions as do not conflict with the fundamental orthodoxies in regard to property and sex. Finally there are the children—Robert, Sara, and Jamie. In describing them Mrs. Vorse has beautifully brought out the important fact that children are impelled by a wild, primitive, and eerie shame to keep so much of their inner and outer lives hidden from their elders. They are quite like little savages at secret and mystic rites. Or else an instinctive wisdom teaches them that the blunted imagination and crippled impulses of adults will try to destroy the pleasant and primitive land of fancy in which they live. It must not be thought from this account that Mrs. Vorse has many moments of solemnity. Her humor—as in the priceless Brewster incident—is fresh and rich and delicate. One may quite forget her psychological implications and yield to the mirth and human charm of her story and her people.

Mrs. Martin writes more heavily and lumberingly than Mrs. Vorse. But she has material more anciently native to literary craftsmanship, and her style, which is at times very slipshod and confused, rises and tightens with her theme. She has attempted nothing less than to tell, in a series of eight stories, the spiritual history of the Negro from the day of his emancipation to the World War. In its entirety the plan could have succeeded only in greater and more powerful hands. Taking the stories merely and frankly as episodes, they are profoundly true and moving. Mrs. Martin avoids both sentiment and indignation; her tone is warm but quiet; she lets the stern implications arise in their bare and tragic force. Nothing finer or more searching has been written in our imaginative literature as it deals with the Negro than the calm, rather brief story called Sleeping Sickness. Old Angelique is the trusted nurse in illness of all her white neighbors. But her grandson is lynched on a vague suspicion and the old woman courteously but irrevocably withdraws herself from her former friends and employers. A strange sickness breaks out among the little children. Angelique remembers it, and the simples that will cure it, from slavery times. She saves the child of her own household and lets her white neighbor's child die. Because she is bitter and unfeeling? No. But because she knows that her failure to save the white child would not have been attributed to human fallibility but to "nigger" depravity. She will not put her hand into the lion's mouth again as she did when she brought her trembling grandson to town and intrusted him to the sheriff's care. Mrs. Martin does not always reach the natural dignity and truth of this narrative. But several of the stories—The Flight, The Blue Handkerchief—deal adequately with the rich stream of romance that flows through the American history of the Negro. And everywhere, to one who knows it, Mrs. Martin conveys a correct sense and image of the "low country" of South Carolina which is her scene.

That gifted poet and sturdy liberal, Clement Wood, enters the field of fiction busily and robustly. We have every reason to feel kindly toward him, but he arouses in us an old wish—Oh, that Zola had never written! Mr. Wood himself may not have read Zola for years; he may never have read him at all. But that absurd, old formula seems to be in the very air we breathe and to produce over and over again these hurriedly, huddled, and, in both senses, artless novels of sociological or economic propaganda. We are, in these matters, very much on the side of Mr. Wood. But fiction is a fine art and fine art means intimacy, saturation, a spirit of inner absorption that creates a form of beauty from within outward. These Zolaist novels have breadth without expressiveness; they are crowded without differentiation and violent without power. They are too busy to have any modulation and too intent on the economic functioning of their characters to know them at all. Occasionally the first half of such a book will be human. That was the case with Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle." Then it trails off into pamphleteering. Mr. Wood may reply that the cause is more than art, and we shall not contradict him. But the two are not the same. "Mountain" is dedicated to Dreiser. But Dreiser's great virtue is that he has no *tendenz*, that he sinks himself to the point of self-identification into men and things to discover their essential nature. Neither a wheat pit nor a mountain nor a woman nor a grog-shop becomes to him an overshadowing symbol, monster, myth. He sees a mountain, a woman, a grog-shop, and extracts from the concrete thing or person the universal significance that is nothing but its own unique and incomparable nature. Mr. Wood deals with symbols, representations, tendencies, forces. He is busy proving a dozen things. We agree with him in all. But from the point of view of art the mind is unpersuaded and the imagination a blank. The book is all haste and over-eagerness. The creative hand has scarcely touched it yet.

Books in Brief

THERE is a childlike beauty in Gerald Stanley Lee's "Ghost in the White House" (E. P. Dutton)—something between Ruskin and Charles Rann Kennedy, with a strong dash of the *Springfield Republican*. The book is neither a threnody nor a satire on any past or present occupant of the White House, but is a serious attempt to grapple, by means of gentle revery, with current economic and political problems. The ghost is the spirit of the people supposed inarticulately to haunt the executive mansion; and Mr. Lee has made it sqeak and gibber in the streets of the capital to admiration. It tells us just the kind of president it wants next—not exactly the Cox or Harding type—and it rails on Henry Cabot Lodge and Postmaster Burleson in the most delightful manner. The author's idea is that if we could make people a little more human they would, notwithstanding the old adage, err less. If Lodge could see himself prinking his soul before the glass of his own conceit; if Burleson could see himself wasting thousands of dollars by his penny-wise policy; they might stop. The treatment Mr. Lee recommends for the Senate is to "boil it down to one human being being human, to boil it down to a baby, even"; and then, "what it would do would be deep, direct, and wise." Lots of us would like to boil the Senate, but we should expect the result to be rather like Irish stew than like a baby. That is what happened to Pelias when Medea boiled him in a cauldron in order to rejuvenate him. Or, again, take the labor problem. If only we could get the man making ten dollars a week talking and laughing with the man who makes a hundred dollars a week, everything would be as smooth as a skating-rink. If only Dooley or some other humorist were present at conferences between capitalists and workers, "to get in a small deep light-hearted word," the conferences would not break up like a party of little girls in high dudgeon. The idea is delightful, but does it quite exhaust the possibilities of a complicated situation? The author has thought, or mused, a lot, but he has hardly studied the problems at all. He fancies that economics is a very simple science—and so it is, *his* economics. He has not the faintest conception of the real forces that are now reshaping the industrial world. A vast tide is rising, and it will take more mooning than Mr. Lee can do to control it.

'THE first article of the covenant of a true Society of Nations ought not to be a naive appeal to fraternity but simply this: Coal and iron can no longer in any country remain private property"—so Clarence K. Streit concludes, quoting Gustave Tery, the first of the Freeman Pamphlets, "Where Iron is, There is the Fatherland" (Huebsch). In fifty pages he summarizes the fantastic true story of international finance which was revealed in France and concealed in America a year ago: the careful arrangements of French interests to supply Krupp with enough French ferro-silicon when the great war was fore-

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seen; the international interlocking directorates, the tentacles of the *Metallgesellschaft* in the heart of French industry—far subtler and deadlier than any defeatist propaganda could ever be; the "gentlemen's agreements" by which French airplanes spared smelters firing for the boches and the Germans spared coal-mines grubbing for the French; and the almost incredible story of the de Wendel family. Francois de Wendel, president of the French Steel Trust, was a member of the French Parliament; Charles de Wendel, his brother, whose mines on the German side of the Lorraine frontier had underground channels into the French mines, was a naturalized German and a member of the Reichstag. Humbert de Wendel was sole French purchasing agent for iron and steel in England; his brother-in-law was appointed to check him up; a branch of the Steel Trust allocated the metal in France. An employee of the Trust was the general staff officer responsible for the non-bombardment of the Trust's property exploited by the Germans in the Briey Basin. And to Francois de Wendel, as member of the Chamber of Deputies, were referred charges of profiteering in steel for investigation and report! Mr. Streit tells the story simply, straightforwardly, with ample citation of authority, but almost too unjournalistically. The booklet is marred by awkward translations and by careless proof-reading of place names.

PROFESSOR JOHN ERSKINE discusses "Democracy and Ideals" (Doran) without a single reference to Bolshevism—a gratifying omission. Two addresses before academic audiences in the United States and several lectures and papers inspired by his educational work with the American army overseas in 1918 and 1919 are here presented as a study of the American character and its needs. One chapter explains the American character to a British audience; another interprets Americans and Frenchmen to each other. Our boastfulness, sentimentality, detachment from the past, lack of taste and of tradition, are analyzed with a tact that should leave the foreigner indulgent and the native unresentful. Our more serious defects are best handled in comparison with those of the Germans. Lynching, for instance. We tolerate it, but after all we prefer to regard it as a crime; whereas the Germans, who boasted of the Lusitania iniquity, do not know a crime even when they see it in a cage. Mr. Erskine's leniency here is balanced by his harshness in asserting that our democracy produces no martyrs. But did not a sense of responsibility to society lead Eugene Debs to tell the truth as he saw it and suffer the heavy penalty? To admire Thoreau in the classroom and ignore Debs in the penitentiary almost classes Mr. Erskine with the conservatives—those worshipers of dead radicals. His fine vision of the future is of a nation united in a warfare against ignorance. One may share his vision without subscribing to his specific educational program: a year of compulsory training with the colors for all youths, half of the year to be devoted to military science, the other half to the study of college and vocational subjects under military discipline. Administered by men like Mr. Erskine, such a scheme might bring the results he desires. But one might as well face the fact that such a program is more likely to be administered by Mitchell Palmers. The Palmers would know how to forge compulsory education under military discipline into a weapon adapted to ends far other than those sought by Mr. Erskine. The last chapter speaks sympathetically of the effort to relate the universities more closely to community needs, and of the spontaneous movements among the workers themselves for a full educational opportunity. In such enterprises as these, surely, rather than in compulsory service, lies the hope that as a nation we may eventually emulate the French in recognizing "the moral obligation to be intelligent."

RUFUS JONES'S "A Service of Love in Wartime" (Macmillan) is, as he says, "something more than the story of an impressive piece of relief work; it is the interpretation of a way of life." It is the story of the Quakers who found opportunity to express their pacifist convictions in reconstruction service in France. Incidentally it is a record of our War Department's methods in dealing with the conscientious objectors; as such, it becomes unconsciously an interpretation of another way of life as well. Indeed it is this record of the religious objectors in the draft camps which is the most vivid part of Rufus Jones's book—for he was the chief representative of the Quakers in long and painful negotiations with the military authorities. His account is a necessary corollary to Captain Kellogg's book on the conscientious objector. The problem was really beyond the military machine; as Rufus Jones says, "the problem would have been simplified, both for the C. O. and the military, if all C. O.'s had made a uniform stand, but the corollary of freedom of conscience is a final farewell to uniformity." The full record of the Quaker work in France remains to be told, if it ever can be told. Rufus Jones quotes from the letters of many workers and gives something of the spirit of that rare attempt to express Christianity in action and to live the message of the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of Friends: "The alternative to war is not inactivity and cowardice. It is the irresistible and constructive power of good will." The Quaker work in France conspicuously lacked that element of emotional joy-riding which occasionally desecrated some American relief efforts in France. Its spirit continues in the child-feeding work which the Quakers are now doing, with Mr. Hoover's cooperation, in Germany, and of which Rufus Jones gives a necessarily inadequate sketch.

NO critics will be made, but some will be served, by what is in many respects a preposterous compilation, "Methods and Materials of Literary Criticism: Lyric, Epic, and Allied Forms of Poetry," by Charles Mills Gayley and Benjamin Putnam Kurtz (Ginn). The book is a sequel to Gayley's and Scott's "Introduction to the Method and Materials of Literary Criticism," published in 1899; "a third volume, approaching completion, will present tragedy, comedy, and cognate forms." Nine hundred pages, closely printed and annotated after the manner of Paul's inescapable "Grundriss," codify in the driest known language all that has been said about lyric and epic poetry in Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, German, Dutch, Icelandic, Swedish, Danish, Norwegian, Lappish, Finnish, Russian, Serbian, Magyar, Polish, Turkish, Afghan, Syriac, Armenian, Arabian, Persian, Indian, Sumerian, Babylonian, Egyptian, Hebrew, Chinese, Japanese, Andamanese, and Eskimo. There are elaborate suggestions for study—for that kind of study which involves "seeing" Aristotle, Hegel, Hallam, Herder, Gummere, Dryden, Dacier, and so on to the end of poetry and patience.

BOTH the manner and the matter of "Ladies of Grécourt," by Ruth Gaines (Dutton), do credit to the spirit and the culture of American college girls. The Smith College Unit carried on relief work fifteen miles from the front line trenches on the Somme sector in France until they were driven out by the advancing Germans. They had charge of evacuating the towns, and saved the lives of hundreds of French women and children. As soon as possible after the armistice they returned to help rehabilitate the ruined villages, establishing themselves in the ruins of an old château in one of the ancient towns of Picardy, in the region where the dramas of Froissart were played out, where warring nations, Celts, Romans, the hosts of Charlemagne, and Crusaders, passed in bygone centuries.

A PARTY to a trial is hardly the person to present a detached picture of it, but "Albany: the Crisis in Government" (Boni and Liveright), by Louis Waldman, one of the ousted Socialist assemblymen, is for the present the only available summary of the most critical political episode in recent American history. The book contains much direct quotation from important docu-

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ments and speeches, while the chapter on The Country's Reaction gives representative editorials and cartoons from non-socialist papers; and there are copies of resolutions adopted by various non-socialist bodies in protest against the action of the New York legislature. Morris Hillquit's summing-up speech is also printed separately under the title "Socialism on Trial" (Huebsch), as one of The Freeman Pamphlets.

Notes and News

If art is the conscience of the human race, as Friedrich Hebbel said, the anthology is the conscience of the literary art. Anthologies continue to abound in every kind of literary weather. Logan Pearsall Smith's "Treasury of English Prose" (Houghton Mifflin) holds fine flowers from the sixteenth, seventeenth, and nineteenth centuries in England and from Emerson, Whitman, Lincoln, and Wilson in America. Mr. Smith has let his ear preside at every choosing, so that his volume is as rigorously cadenced as a collection of sonnets would be. Here with some omissions is the most perfect music which English prose has made. Another indefatigable anthologist, Mr. Louis Untermeyer, has done for "Modern British Poetry" (Harcourt, Brace and Howe) the kind of thing he recently did for "Modern American Poetry" (the same)—selected from each of a great many poets between Hardy and Robert Graves a few good poems and furnished useful, though commonplace, biographical and critical comment. Tall, austere, and supremely printed, Mr. T. J. Cobden-Sanderson's "Wordsworth; An Anthology" (Knopf) is arranged to exhibit its poet as a profound mystic no less than as an apostle of quiet, natural joy. It is the best of Wordsworth in the best of type. "A Tankard of Ale: An Anthology of Drinking Songs," boldly compiled by Theodore Maynard (McBride), is a really glorious collection, chiefly from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, of purely English celebrations of beer and its brothers. America might have been represented, but in the opinion of the editor, who is as fond of prohibition as he is of an empty bottle, she did not deserve it. Margaret Widdemer has brought together in "The Haunted Hour" (Harcourt, Brace and Howe), happily without the dignity of spiritism too much or at all on her conscience, the liveliest and best poems in English that deal with the return of spirits to the earth. Her mood ranges widely, from the tragedy of the older ballads to the farce of the "Ingoldsby Legends." Foreign literatures also continue to be purveyed by way of anthology. In a handsome volume, "Spanish Prose and Poetry Old and New, with Translated Specimens" (Oxford), Ida Farnell presents twenty-two Spanish writers, beginning with Juan Ruiz of the fourteenth century and ending with Francisco Villaespesa of our own time. Her prefaces, though enfeebled as criticism by moral and patriotic bias, are enthusiastic, and arouse keener expectations than her translations satisfy. To the already large body of literature in English devoted to Serbian folk poetry are added now "Kossovo: Heroic Songs of the Serbs," translated, with Vuk Karajich's original text on parallel pages, by Helen Rootham (Houghton Mifflin), and "An Anthology of Jugoslav Poetry: Serbian Lyrics," edited by Beatrice Stevenson Stanoyevich (Badger) from the versions of Sir John Bowring, Owen Meredith, J. W. Wiles, and herself. J. T. Hackett's "My Commonplace Book" (London: T. Fisher Unwin) is a narrow and rather naive record of the reading which an Australian lawyer began to do in the days when Evolution was everybody's first concern and Bailey's "Festus" was known between its covers. The quotations, however, are from sources wide enough apart in space and time to render the book occasionally and casually engaging.

The King James text of the Bible, divided into chapters and paragraphs but not into verses, and printed like any modern book, is promised for publication by Doubleday, Page and Company, whose first and trial volume, "The Gospel According to Saint Matthew," is entirely readable and may become popular.

"The Yale Series of Younger Poets" (Yale University Press) so far includes Howard Buck's "The Tempering," John Chipman Farrar's "Forgotten Shrines," and David Osborne Hamilton's "Four Gardens." Of these three volumes, only the second shows more than ordinary, bumptious temperament. Mr. Farrar has achieved clear and tender outlines in the section called Portraits, and should be encouraged to proceed further.

Mr. Henry Holt's treatise "On the Cosmic Relations," first published in 1914, has been called for in a second edition, more accurately named "The Cosmic Relations and Immortality" (Houghton Mifflin). Four chapters have been added and the summary somewhat modified, to bring into the record the psychic activities of the war years. If the new matter is not very new, after all, that is the defect of the recent revelations, which may be boiled down to very little—less than Mr. Holt thinks. The notable thing about this book, now as in the earlier edition, is the nobility of spirit which informs it. One catches the vibration of that sense of puissance which in Cicero and Franklin would not let them believe that they could ever be dissolved into mindless mist and chaos.

Drama

Hors D'Œuvres

THE theatrical seasons melt into each other and are really without beginning or end. The lights of Broadway never burn low. Summer is thronged with what are known as "girl and music shows"—the "Midnight Frolic," the "Scandals," the "Century Revues," the "Greenwich Village Follies," and, crown of them all, the Ziegfeld "Follies." This famous entertainment opens in the dead middle of June and tickets fetch fabulous prices. You visit it in a mood by no means puritanical and severe and leave it sleepy and morose. There is more living, sensuous stir in a sonnet. The pipes are here and the timbrels. But no wild ecstasy. The girls have a dainty prettiness and wear fantastically beautiful costumes. But they are quite icy within. Their limbs move—that is all. The audience is cheaply decorous. Not a gleam, not a throb. Ecstasy dwells on the baseball diamond, at the camp-meeting. At the "Follies" you witness a gigantic exercise in repression.

When August comes, Autumn is supposed to be here, and the playwrights emerge with "smashing hits." At least they hope so. So Mr. Shipman appears, accompanied by the inevitable collaborator—this time Mr. Percival Wilde. Their product, "Crooked Gamblers" (the Hudson Theater), is noisy and monotonous. The gamblers are plungers on Wall Street; the scene and action are not without a rough verisimilitude, but the moral framework is purely conventional and the economic prattle childish. Within a few days after the appearance of this piece, however, the tone of the opening season changed. No melodrama has yet boomed and rattled; no crooks have made a glorious "getaway"; not a shot has been fired. Instead we have romance and the re-working of standard dramatic actions for the audiences of the hour.

The romance is exotic; it is a thing of rich colors and decorative passions. Withdrawn from the realities we know, these fables can be fanciful and arbitrary as the happenings in a fairy-tale. They annoy us only when an unnatural contact with life is suddenly established. Then the pleasant spell breaks and Forty-second Street comes racing in. The adapters of Feliu y Codina's "Spanish Love" (Maxine Elliott's Theater), have avoided this danger. The play is an affair of bright, sudden yellows tempered by grave, deep, blue, and orange backgrounds. Dancers from Madrid click their swift castanets. By contrast with the best American dancers their feet are heavy and their

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bodies a little thick and slow. But sparks of inner abandon—feigned or not—compensate for the lack of litheness and rapid grace. No one acts, since there is little room for acting. The passions are not primitive, but are conventionalizations of the primitive. But color is everything here, and that is given us.

"The Lady of the Lamp" (Republic Theater) is the fourth Chinese play within two years and by far the best. Dismiss the absurd prologue and epilogue that rend the veil and shatter the illusion and you have a beautifully poignant legend of a gentle and pacific emperor—an emperor of calm gardens and tinkling pagodas—who could not save his beloved from the warlike Manchus of the North. The garden of Chengtu and the terrace of the Yen pagoda are of a delicate beauty, fragile and doomed to dust. Two admirable bits of acting, furthermore, persuade the imagination even when the dialogue falls far below the quality of the legend itself. George Gaul has, as always, a virile sweetness of tone and gesture that fit him for the emperor's part; Henry Herbert, the Kira in Masefield's "The Faithful," is all subtle ferocity and stealthy power—a superb monster with a gorgeous mask.

Next come two old friends in new guises—Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" and Sudermann's "Heimat." Yet no critic observed the obvious derivation of "The Checkerboard" (39th Street Theater), by Frederic and Fannie Hatton, or of "Enter Madame" (Garrick Theater), by Giulia Conti and Dolly Byrne. Nor did anyone rejoice at the fact that there are play-purveyors at large who know enough to adapt such actions to our stage. If only the Hattons had spared us the oily sentiment or spread their unguents with more sparing hands! For an American M. Jourdain needed no trimmings. Nothing could be clearer or more vivid than the comic force of his situation. He is, in this case, a millionaire manufacturer of ash-cans who desires to associate with fashionable and titled persons. He is taken in and fleeced by strolling Russian dancers, so that even the "ballets" of Molière are introduced after the classical pattern. A huddled happy ending dulls the edge of the satire and the chief rogue turns out all heart and quixotism. But the ash-can manufacturer turned gentleman and his wife remain magnificently skilful comic adaptations, and the latter's part is acted by Miss Kate Mayhew with so rich and unerring an insight into the homely things of American life as to make her performance a bit of fine and memorable art.

The adaptation of the fable of "Heimat" is more thoroughgoing but far less honest. Even the famous entrance technique of Sudermann is used. After a long preparation the prima donna bursts in with her maid, chef, secretary, doctor, and dog. Only instead of a father who wants his daughter to observe his standards, there is a husband who wants his wife to toast his slippers. The fable is made trivial because, on our stage, prima donnas are not supposed to do what Magda did, nor are tragic endings supposed to happen. Thus the conflict is not merely softened; there is none left. The play was obviously built for Gilda Varesi, who desired, perhaps, to imitate the triumphs of Eleanora Duse as Magda. But over-timidity pays neither in art nor in life. When the essential conflict of a play is destroyed, what is there left the actor but empty gestures?

Turn from the pomp and circumstance of all these plays and see a little group of Irish actors at the dim, cramped Bramhall Playhouse on Twenty-seventh Street. Whitford Kane, that gifted realist with a poet's soul, produces and directs the plays. Among them are Yeats's "Kathleen na Houlahan," interpreted with a haunting loveliness of mood, Synge's great "Riders to the Sea," not inadequately done, Lady Gregory's "Workhouse Ward," with its wild yet searching humor, and "Honest Lodgings," a play by a young Irish-American, Ralph Cullinan, which illustrates in its unpretentious way the purity and veracity of an art rooted in a soil and a folk. There are no fine hangings and costumes here. There is a breath of earth and sea and the simple, beautiful speech of men and women.

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International Relations Section

Resolutions of Dail Eireann

THE documents printed below appeared in the London *Morning Post* of August 10 as extracts from "an important series of documents" which had "come into possession of the authorities." In an editorial printed in the same issue the *Post* hints that the documents were obtained through confiscation of the "private correspondence" of Sinn Fein.

The first document is described by the *Post* as "the agenda for a meeting of the Parliament of the Irish Republic which was to be held in June."

The following resolutions were adopted at the last meeting:

1. That the decision of the Ministry authorizing the President to expend at his discretion such sum not exceeding $500,000 as he may require in connection with the election campaign for the presidency of the United States of America be and is hereby ratified.

2. That the President be empowered to expend a sum not exceeding $1,000,000 to obtain the recognition of the Irish Republic by the Government of the United States.

3. That the sum of $1,000,000 be voted to the Department of Defense.

4. That the President be authorized to appoint consuls and diplomatic agents to the following countries: Russia, France, Spain, Italy, Austria, Germany, Denmark, Switzerland, and that he be also empowered to appoint one director in each of the following cities in the United States, namely, Chicago, New Orleans, San Francisco, and Boston, to organize and direct Irish opinion at these centers. That the names of a number of persons suitable for these posts be supplied to the President by the Ministry, and that the agents be selected by the President from among the persons so nominated.

5. That the Ministry be empowered to appoint an Ambassador to Washington, in the United States of America.

6. That the Ministry be authorized to dispatch a diplomatic mission to the Government of the Russian Socialist Federal Soviet Republic with a view to establishing diplomatic relations with that Government. That the salary of the secretary to the Commission of Inquiry into the Resources and Industries of Ireland be increased to £500 per annum, as from March 1, 1920.

Department of Home Affairs

1. That the establishment of courts of justice and equity be decreed.

2. That the Ministry be empowered when they deem fit to establish courts having criminal jurisdiction.

Claims to Land

Dairy and agricultural and residential holdings. Whereas it has come to our knowledge that claims to farms of land (dairy and agricultural and residential holdings worked by the occupiers) have been and are being made in parts of the country, such claims being based on the fact that the claimants or their ancestors were formerly in occupation of the property so claimed. And whereas these claims are, for the most part, of old date, and while many of them may be well founded, others seem to be of a frivolous nature and are put forward in the hope of intimidating the present occupiers.

Now it is decreed by Dail Eireann in meeting assembled: (1) That the present time, when the Irish people are locked in a life and death struggle with their traditional enemy, is ill-chosen for the stirring up of strife among our fellow-countrymen; and that all our energies must be directed toward clearing out—not the occupier of this or that piece of land—but the foreign invader of our country. (2) That when the national triumph has been achieved—immediately the Republic has received recognition and finds itself unhampered by enemy armies of occupation, steps shall be taken, by legislation of An Dail and otherwise, to do justice and equity to all those who have suffered wrong in the past through the power and operation of England's unjust laws. (3) That pending such recognition no claims of the kind referred to shall be heard or determined by the courts of the Republic unless by written license of the Minister for Home Affairs. (4) That in the meanwhile claimants may file particulars of their claims with the registrar of the court in which the property is situated.

It was further decreed that any person or persons who persists or persist in pressing forward a disputed claim of the nature above referred to shall do so in the knowledge that such action is a breach of this decree, and it is ordered that the forces of the Republic be used to protect the citizens against the adoption of high-handed methods by any such person or persons.

Trade and Commerce

The Dail authorize the Ministry to promote the establishment of an Import and Export Company and to invest in it, if they see fit, a sum not exceeding £150,000.

Income Tax

In the Finance Department it was resolved that six branches of the Bank be established, for which a sum of £25,000 is voted; that a department for the collection of income tax be instituted by Dail and that all persons who pay the income tax to that department which otherwise they would pay to the British Government be indemnified against losses caused by distraint or otherwise in agreed circumstances. Discretionary power being given to the Dail Income Tax Department to refuse such taxes as it deems inadvisable to accept; that the sum of £1,000 be granted to the Irish Republican Prisoners' Dependents Fund.

Dr. Fogarty, Bishop of Killaloe, President Eamonn de Valera, T.D., East Clare, and James O'Mara, T.D., Kilkenny South, are reappointed Trustees for the Funds of Dail Eireann as from July 1, 1920, to June 30, 1921, under the existing deed of trust.

An investment of £300,000 is to be made in Dublin Corporation stock in connection with the promotion of a scheme for housing in Dublin.

Elections, 1920

The Local Government Department of Dail Eireann greets the newly-elected Councils and Boards of Guardians, and recognizes in the results of the recent elections, carried out under the system of proportional representation, further proof of the loyalty of the overwhelming majority of the Irish people to the Government of the Irish Republic.

With a view to possible arrests and to safeguarding the Republican majority on each body, all representatives thereon who give allegiance to Dail Eireann are asked to fill up and sign undated forms of resignation. These may be handed, for the present, to the leader of the Republican group on each body. They will not be used unless by reason of arrests or otherwise there is a likelihood of the majority on each body disappearing. They are not to be used without consultation with the department; if it is decided at any time to use any of these resignations the men who would be coopted to fill the vacancy would, of course, be pledged to resign when the original Councillor would be free to resume duty.

Obstacles to Tax Gathering

In view of recent events the British tax-gatherers are likely to look to officials of local authorities for facilities to enable

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them to prepare new income tax schedules, etc. Therefore, it is ordered by the Dail:

1. That no lists of ratepayers for information of British agents be drawn up in the Council office, nor any facilities given for copying or taking extracts from rate or valuation books for above purpose.

2. That no lists be supplied to such agents showing the salaries or wages paid by the Councils to their officials or employees.

3. That every possible obstacle be placed in the way of the British Government in collecting taxes and otherwise.

No rate is to be struck to meet criminal injury or malicious injury claims, and such claims ought not to be defended in the English Courts.

Where at all possible, wages, disputes, etc., should be referred to Courts recognized by Dail Eireann. Where at all possible, Irish goods only should be purchased. In filling appointments in the public service, Councils should see that only loyal citizens of the Republic are elected.

Irish Local Government Finances

THE following report written by the Substitute Minister for Local Government deals with the question of cutting adrift from British authority in local matters and is also taken from the London *Morning Post* of August 10.

A conference in connection with general local government policy was held, the Substitute Minister for Local Government presiding. Present: the Lord Mayor of Cork, the Mayor of Limerick, Dr. Hayes, T.D., the Accountant of Dublin Corporation, the Accountant of Kerry County Council, the Secretary of Monaghan County Council, Messrs. Nolan-Whelan and Dan McCarthy.

There was a full and frank discussion of the possibility of local authorities functioning independently after severing all connection with the English Local Government Board. The financial loss involved naturally figured largely in the discussion. In this connection I have been supplied with the following figures for Dublin Corporation:

Local Taxation Account	£44,809	8	10
Royal Gifts (Charles II., etc.)	509	2	10
School meals	5,322	5	9
Irish Housing Fund	1,483	6	4
Maternity and Child Welfare	807	19	5
Venereal Diseases	1,820	0	0
Registration of Voters	1,757	0	0
Grants for Tuberculosis	13,672	5	6
Land Cultivation	1,301	15	1
Technical Education	27,394	16	0
Total	£98,877	19	9
Government Bounty in lieu of rates	56,796	11	2
Total	£155,674	10	11

The above figures are for 1919-20. I am informed that for 1920-21 the Government Bounty in lieu of rates will be increased by about £9,000.

The Lord Mayor of Cork supplies the following figures:

Loss in grants in aid of rates	£13,203	0	0
For Technical Education	9,529	0	0
Total	£22,732	0	0

Theoretically this loss could be covered in Dublin by an increased rate of 3s. 2d. and in Cork by an increase of 2s. 6d. But it must be borne in mind that under the conditions we are contemplating the rates would be without legal (English) sanction and their enforcement might well prove a matter of extreme difficulty. There is further the point that under these conditions the banks would certainly refuse any accommodation whatever to public bodies, many of which at present work for a portion of the year on a heavy overdraft. For the entire country the Local Taxation Account, which goes overboard automatically under a "clean cut" policy, amounts to one million and a half annually. This does not represent the total possible loss in government grants—large sums which I have not found it possible to ascertain might be lost under the following heads: Contribution in aid of guaranties for railways and harbors; receipts on behalf of criminal lunatics; grants to harbor authorities; grants from Department of Technical Instruction, from the Commissioners of National Education; tuberculosis grant; feeding and medical inspection of school children; housing grant, etc. The loss of the Local Taxation Account alone would involve such serious consequences that to bring about by our own act a state of affairs to which it is a sequence is a course which I could not recommend. I believe that such a situation will inevitably develop in the course of the struggle over the criminal and malicious injury claims, but it is better in my opinion to place the responsibility of withholding these large sums upon the enemy rather than to cut them off by our own deliberate act.

In refusing to strike the criminal and malicious injury rates we will have the support of the great body of the people. If, as a result of our action (or inaction) in this matter, the enemy makes the Local Taxation Account an indemnity fund for such claims, the people will be ripe for reprisals such as refusal to pay income tax and land annuities. We must aim at keeping the enemy in the wrong in the eyes of the people. I recommend, therefore, that the Boards which will pass under our control after the coming elections continue to allow their clerks or secretaries to forward minutes of their proceedings to the English Local Government Board. This is the act of the clerk or secretary—not of the Council or Board—and it is the clerk or secretary that is personally liable for failure. But I recommend that Boards and Councils insist on a copy of minutes being either forwarded to my Department or handed or forwarded to some Republican representative who will hold them in charge for us, subject to our inspection and to be forwarded as required.

All Councils and Boards should be instructed to pass a resolution of allegiance to Dail Eireann and to pledge themselves to obedience to its decrees. All officials appointed for the future by public bodies should be required to sign a declaration of allegiance.

In any case where sanction is required by the English Local Government Board to any appointment the Council or Board must stand over [sic] its appointment and continue to pay the salary of the official selected by them. The remedy of the Local Government Board for this is surcharge and seizure (a piano belonging to Frank Lawless, T.D., was seized for a payment to Dr. Hayes). To meet contingencies of this kind for the future a full understanding with organized labor is essential, and should be sought without delay. There should be no transport facilities for goods seized by enemy agents. Railwaymen should be prepared to abandon a train immediately on notification that goods so seized were aboard, and the same understanding would be necessary at the docks. If we are not prepared, of our own initiative, to cut adrift from the Local Government Board I see no sufficient reason why we should burden ourselves with a self-denying ordinance against making full use of them in the matter of housing loans, drainage, etc.

Housing is a matter of absolutely paramount importance, and if the word went out that our Councils were absolutely debarred from taking any steps in this matter the political effect would be distinctly bad. It has been suggested to me that our Councils should refuse to submit books for Local Government Board audit—this is really equivalent to the "clean cut," and would involve all its consequences. If it were upheld I see no reason why that line of action should not be adopted

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openly and by resolution, when it would at least have the value of a demonstration—though a costly one. Auditing, and highly expert auditing, is absolutely necessary. Admittedly the Local Government Board auditors give very good value. In case of surcharges where any matter of principle is involved, e.g., the case mentioned of payment to an official to whose appointment Local Government Board refused sanction, such surcharge should not be paid, but to refuse to submit at all to the audit would be to precipitate by our own act a conflict, the onus of which we should aim at placing on the shoulders of the enemy. Let the main conflict rage round the criminal and malicious injury claims and in other respects fight only a guerilla warfare. I believe that the criminal and malicious injury fight will bring the "clean cut," but will bring it with many people on our side who would be against us if they considered we had ourselves invited or precipitated it. This criminal and malicious injury fight may begin at any moment in the county boroughs —they have not struck this rate for the current year, while so far as I am aware all the county councils have. It would be open to anyone holding a decree to move in the courts for a mandamus ordering the rate to be struck, and naming as special defendants the persons who voted against the striking of the rate. Those so named would be liable for the costs of the proceedings—and the business of seizure of goods would commence. It is suggested that Vanston is incorrect when he states in a footnote that claims for injuries to the person are payable on demand by the treasurer out of the general funds of the Council, and that the words: "Out of moneys under his control" must be taken as meaning "out of moneys under his control *applicable to the purpose*." Where no rate has been struck there are no such moneys.

It is certainly significant that up to the present no demand has been presented by any person holding a decree. But presuming that Vanston is incorrect, the law could, of course, be amended, and even the malicious injury claims could be made payable on demand by the Treasurer. We must not assume too readily that the English Government retort to the failure of public bodies to strike these rates will be the stoppage of the grants in aid. That seems an obvious and simple course, but it is possible they might continue the grants and make the claims payable on demand out of general funds, particularly as in many places the amount of the grants would not nearly equal the amount of the claims. In Cork, for instance, the claims would involve an increased rate of 14s. 3d., whereas the loss of the grants could be met by an extra rate of 2s. 6d. in the pound. In the county boroughs there is an official treasurer, who would be personally liable for failure to obey an order. The banks are the treasurers for the County Councils and Poor Law Boards, and it may be taken as certain that the banks would obey any order and meet any legal claim served upon them. A County Council could not withdraw its account from a particular bank without the sanction of the Local Government Board. I am informed that a skilful (and friendly) accountant could so arrange matters that at no time would there be any considerable sum to the credit of his authority. This would necessitate the fullest cooperation on the part of the banks—as the public bodies would need to work all the year on an overdraft to be cleared off only on the last day of the financial year by the lodgment of the rates.

Possibilities of the future in the criminal and malicious injury fight are: stoppage of some or all grants, attempts to trace and seize the funds of public bodies to the extent of these claims, appointment of an officer to strike and levy a rate sufficient to meet the claims, or sequestration of corporate property, funds, rents, and income until the obligation is discharged. In some, if not all, of the above contingencies it would be a matter for consideration whether we ought not to place the responsibility for local administration on the plunderers, adding to their other difficulties the problem of collecting rates from a hostile population, with an unfriendly staff. This might be a better course to adopt than to endeavor to function ourselves under hopelessly unfavorable financial conditions necessitating the invidious alternatives of drastic reductions of staff or drastic increase of rates.

Another report of the Substitute Minister for Local Government states the difficulties he saw in an immediate breach with the English Local Government Board.

(a) The financial loss (grants, etc.), would probably be immediate, and would have to be faced by Councils consisting for the most part of men with no experience of local administration. I find it hard to believe that the English Government would continue to pay grants to Councils that have declared war.

(b) If rates were increased to meet to some extent such loss we might be faced with refusal to pay by political opponents; such rates might even be declared illegal by the English Government, as Local Government Board would under circumstances we are contemplating have no supervision of expenditure.

(c) Public bodies are dependent for a portion of the year on large overdrafts. Such overdrafts are given on the security of the rates. To a business man with a purely business outlook rates would not have the same security with the public bodies in open revolt against English Local Government Board, and deprived of English machinery for the enforcement of rates. Moulding public opinion against banks refusing overdrafts if efficiently carried out would certainly prove punitive, but would not meet the immediate embarrassments that would result to local bodies. As practically all the banks would be concerned, and as they would probably adopt uniform action, the question even of punitive measures would present some difficulty.

(d) If we refuse to forward minutes to English Local Government Board, to accept their audit, and otherwise to conform to existing regulations, we cannot consistently apply for loans from Board of Works or from the British Treasury. In any case, sanction and loan would certainly be refused. Therefore, housing, drainage, and all similar activities of public bodies would be at a standstill. What the effect of this would be in labor circles it is easy to conceive.

Before we embark on a course which means functioning independently (and I am convinced that failure to forward minutes, submit to audit, etc., involves this), we should be sure that we are not rushing the Boards and Councils into a hopelessly false position and imposing on them a superhuman task. Personally I regretfully adhere to the view I expressed in my former report, viz., that it would be better to endeavor to maneuver the enemy into taking over the burden of local administration or, failing this, that Boards and Councils should carry on until, by the stoppage of grants, etc., the financial position would have become hopeless, and then simultaneously cease to function, issuing a statement to their constituents.

I have considered this matter as a distinct problem—Republican Councils vs. English Local Government Board—and not in the light of general policy. So considered it might take on different aspects. Also, I have not contemplated financial assistance from our Government to local bodies.

C. O'H-UIGIN
Substitute Minister for Local Government

Industry in Soviet Russia

THE following article by Nicholas Bukharin, summarizing industrial conditions in Soviet Russia up to June, 1920, is reprinted from *Pravda* (Moscow) for June 27.

Economic Life [the official organ of the Supreme Council of National Economy] has recently devoted a special number to a synthetic survey of the state of our industries. This is the first attempt at presenting a general picture of our industrial life and our economic ruin. For that reason it deserves close

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attention. In spite of the fact that we are acutely conscious of the necessity for exact accounting, in spite of the fact that we are ostensibly swayed by what some term "fanaticism of accounting," nevertheless in reality very little has been done in that direction. Even elementary recording is in a very poor state. It often happens that on the same subject you get figures differing from 100 to 300 per cent. The statistico-economic section of *Economic Life* has attempted to give a survey based on the materials which have accumulated in the files of that publication. However far from perfection the data thus obtained may be, they are probably nearer the truth than many other records.

An examination of these data enables one immediately to perceive the system of causes which are ruining our economic life. In various combinations the same complaints persistently recur: the blockade and the absence of the import of the most necessary products of foreign industries; the physical destruction of the industrial apparatus and the seizure of important sources of raw material and fuel by White Guards; a fuel and raw material crisis; a fodder shortage; the exodus of qualified workmen from the cities and a labor shortage generally; the demoralization of transportation in its various forms (by rail, by water, and by wheels), etc.

Below we present the most substantial findings of the investigation.

I. Transportation (by Rail)

The number of cars dispatched per 24 hours per 100 versts* of the used railroad net was as follows:

	1916	1919
January	48	28
May	58	33

For 1920 the figures are: January, 14; February, 12; March, 14; April, 15; May, 19.

The distance covered by the freight cars for 1920 was constantly on the increase. Here are the figures: January, 206,260; February, 196,721; March, 250,392; April, 342,526; May, 422,560. Thus in five months the distance increased more than 100 per cent and exceeded the distances covered during the corresponding months of 1919. The turnover of *each* car improved in 1920, but is behind the corresponding figure for 1919.

The number of sound cars per 100 versts of the net under operation is on the increase in 1920: January, 395; February, 378; March, 435; April, 481; May, 548. In 1919 the corresponding figures for January and May were 804 and 600 respectively.

The number of sound railway engines during the first five months of 1920 was as follows: 8; 7; 8; 9; 6; 11.

On the whole, in spite of the exceedingly demoralized state of transportation, there can be observed a slow and as yet very insignificant improvement. This is to be accounted for by the fact that our transportation was given an exceptional amount of attention, that here a special campaign was conducted, as a result of which we succeeded in improving the forms of organization and in raising the labor discipline.

II. Fuel

Coal. In the Donetz Basin, which in recent years has passed from hand to hand and has been repeatedly pillaged, the situation is as follows: 14 million, 19.3 million, 24.3 million, and 13.8 million poods of coal respectively were mined during the first four months of 1920.** The April decrease was characteristic of the prewar period; the corresponding figures for the first four months of 1913 are 143, 117, 156, and 84 million. In May the amount of coal mined reached 19 million poods, the forecast for June is 24 million. The coal produced during the first quarter of 1920 was 40 per cent less than the amount mined during the corresponding months of 1919 and seven times less than during an equal period of time before the war. The number of miners decreased but slightly in comparison with 1919—94,000 men as against 111,000 in 1919—but the productivity of labor fell sharply.

In the Moscow region the situation is different. Here the production increased not only in comparison with the preceding year but also in comparison with 1916. Here are the figures expressing the amounts produced for a period of four months (in thousands of poods): 1916, 9.072; 1919, 9.835; 1920, 10.610. Yet this increase is due not to the greater productivity of labor, but to the enormous growth in the number of miners, which in 1919 increased four times in comparison with 1916, and in 1920 rose an additional 11 per cent. As for the productivity of labor it was sharply falling.

As regards the Ural region, figures are obtainable only for the Kizel and Chelyabinsk districts. The production at Kizel rose from 1,116,000 poods in January, 1920, to 1,692,000 in April; total production, in comparison with 1919, fell from 6,968,000 to 5,391,000 poods, the fall in production exceeding the decrease of labor. In the Chelyabinsk district the amount mined in the first quarter of 1920 was 9,835,000 poods, 41 per cent more than was expected.

Petroleum. Until lately this most important fuel was in the hands of the bandits of international imperialism, and that circumstance caused us incalculable injury. According to preliminary calculations, the probable production of petroleum for the period of seven months (June 1, 1920, to January 1, 1921) will be about 196 million poods. The landing of it at the various shipping centers on the Volga proceeds satisfactorily, although the shipping of it at Astrakhan is greatly hindered. For the period of May 11 to May 30, 5,645,000 poods of petroleum products were shipped from there. In June the shipment considerably increased.

Peat. In 1919, 67,000,000 poods of peat were produced. The main obstacle is a labor shortage, in connection with difficulties in provisioning.

III. The Metal Industries

The machine shops united by "Gomza" [chief management of the industry]. Here the situation may be characterized as highly unfavorable, to say the least. The labor shortage, the provisioning crisis, the fuel famine are exceedingly acute. Only very recently an improvement has taken place in the supply of fuel. Until March such plants as the Kolomna and Mytishchensk mills were idle because of a lack of fuel. General data are not available. In February of the current year, as against January, a general improvement has taken place in all branches, except the construction and repairing of railway engines, which circumstance is perhaps due to the fact that the engines are being repaired elsewhere.

Colored Metals. The production has been greatly curtailed, for it was based on imported metal. There are four plants under the Main Board; they all function, but the production is insignificant. Reasons: labor shortage, lack of raw materials and fuel.

Agricultural repair shops. In 1919, 316 smithies and 250 machine shops were opened. The production of agricultural implements fell, even in comparison with last year. An improvement may take place with the receipt of metal from the Ural region.

IV. The Textile Industries

The cotton industry (spinning, weaving, dyeing factories). Before the war there were in Russia, exclusive of Poland and Finland, eighty-eight spinning mills with seven million spindles. On September 1, 384,000 spindles were being worked; on December 1, 546,000 spindles; in January, 1920, 408,000; in March, 531,000; in April, 319,000. For the future seventeen spinning mills with 434,000 spindles have been singled out, as a

* A verst is 3,500 feet or about two-thirds of a mile.
** A pood is equivalent to thirty-six pounds avoirdupois.

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"shock" group. In the field of weaving industry, there has been formed a "shock" group, containing forty-three mills with 17,841 looms. According to the program of December, 1919, thirty-two dyeing factories with a daily production of 60,000 pieces were scheduled to run. In reality many of these factories were idle because of the absence of fuel. At present only a "shock" group of sixteen factories is working. The average daily productivity, in thousands of pieces, of the factories was, for the first five months of 1920, respectively, 9.5, 10, 13, 13.3, 13.5.

The fuel crisis, the lack of raw materials and qualified labor, coupled with difficulties in provisioning make impossible the functioning of any other factories except the shock group with its 78,200 workmen.

Wool Industry. The plan provides for the functioning of eighty-four mills (76.3 per cent), with 419 apparatus (63.3 per cent), 198,933 spindles (59.5 per cent) and 8,385 looms (42.5 per cent). Most of the factories are running. They are provided with a supply of natural wool, artificial wool, and rags, to last 9, 3.5, and 10 months respectively.

Flax Industry. On February 1, 1920, 52 per cent of the spindles were working. In January, 90,780 poods of yarn were produced. The factories are well provided with raw material. On February 1, 1920, 5,702 weaving looms were working out of a total of 14,000, i. e., 40 per cent. During January, 4,800,000 square arshins of fabric (48,000 poods) were produced. The chief difficulties are: fuel, provisioning, and also the absorption of qualified help.

V. Chemical Industries

Rubber industry. In October, 1917, there were seven large rubber factories. Of these only four are now functioning. Before the war about 30,000 people were employed in the rubber industry, at present only about 6,000. Production is about 5 per cent of the normal. The problem of fuel and electric energy is very acute here. Under the present conditions the supply of raw rubber will last three years, normally it would be exhausted in two months.

Glass industry. Before the war there were 275 glass factories plus twenty china factories, employing 93,000 people in all. Toward the beginning of 1919 there remained on the territory of Soviet Russia 160 factories, of which eighty were running, the number of workmen being 40,000. At present seventy-eight factories with 32,000 men are functioning. In the course of the year 1919 they produced about 80,000 boxe of window glass, i. e., 60 to 65 per cent of the normal prewar amount. The fall in production is due chiefly to the lack of fuel, raw material, and labor. During the second quarter of 1920 it is planned to run forty factories.

Paper Industry. The "Glavbum" [chief management of the paper industry] controls 112 mills. Of these only seventy-three plants with 18,500 employees are working. In 1919 2,638,000 poods of paper were produced, or 69 per cent of the amount planned. In 1920 the production of paper and card-board fell considerably. Chief reasons: lack of fuel and the absence of nets.

VI. Production of Stimulants and Food Products

Tobacco industry. In January, 1920, eight factories were idle out of a total of forty. In 1919 the production of higher sorts of tobacco and of *makhorka* (an inferior sort of tobacco) was respectively 32 and 25 per cent of the normal prewar output. The production for the period January to April, 1920 was 75 to 94 per cent of the amount planned. Chief difficulties: lack of fuel and war in the South.

Starch and Molasses industries. At present there are 2[illegible] factories, of which 1,500 are small establishments. Number of people employed is 13,800; production for the twenty-four hour period, 373,000 poods. During the season of 1919-1920 there were working 206 large and 343 small plants. At present there is a lack of raw material, and everything depends on the amount of potatoes which the factories will be able to secure.

Tea industry. In the spring of 1920, there were twenty-two establishments producing tea substitutes, employing 1,800 people. Of these plants only sixteen are functioning. The output was 244,991 pounds in January, 1919, 668,055 pounds in April, and 1,053,459 pounds in September. Then there was a fall, followed by a rapid rise. In January, 1920, the production was 697,000 pounds, and in May 1,700,000 pounds.

VII. The Electric Section of the Supreme Council of National Economy

The section controls ten electric stations, thirty-nine factories (forming the Electro-Trust), six electro-mechanical plants, eleven private establishments, eight *kustar* shops producing electric fixtures. During the first four months of 1920 the work of the electric stations amounted to 8,000 kilowatts, the amount produced in Petrograd being 6,800 to 6,500 kilowatts. Of the thirty-nine plants thirty-three were running, the total number of employees being 9,578.

Such is the main outline of our industrial situation. It is not a gay picture if one looks merely at things as they appear at present and is unable to discern the promise of the future. It is clear, however, that a great deal can be done if the problems of fuel and transportation are satisfactorily solved. But precisely in these two branches of industry there is and will be a forward movement. Transportation is slowly improving; the enormous reserves of petroleum at Baku will revive both our transportation and our industries; we will be enabled to shift the raw materials which are so needed by the factories. It is here that our main industrial efforts are concentrated. But the success of our efforts depends also upon the safety of our territory. That is why the struggle of the Red Army against Baron Wrangel and the Polish nobility must be brought to a successful completion at any price. Without it an economic renascence is unthinkable.

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